

THE CAMERON COUNTY PRESS.

State Library 30 Jun 1902

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD, MARCH 1866.

"Liberty and Union, One and Inseparable."—WEBSTER.

TERMS: \$2.00—\$1.50 IN ADVANCE.

VOL. 37.

EMPORIUM, PA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 11, 1902.

NO. 42.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)
Washington, Dec. 8th, 1902.
Editor Press:—

As if to demonstrate its complete approval of the President's message, Congress has immediately gone to work to frame such trust legislation as Mr. Roosevelt has indicated as desirable. As it is deemed wise to embody in the proposed law a tax feature, not particularly for the purpose of raising revenue, but in order that there may be no question as to the constitutionality of the enactment. It has been determined to permit the House Committee on Judiciary to frame and report the law. The committee is already actively engaged, the trust bill of Representative Littlefield of Maine having been taken as a basis and having been favorably reported by the sub-committee to which it was first referred.

Mr. Littlefield's bill in its present shape provides for that publicity which the President has designated as so desirable, by requiring every corporation or similar institution with a capital stock in excess of \$500,000 to make annual returns showing all the important data concerning its business, to the Interstate Commerce Commission. It further provides for a tax of 1 per cent, on all stock issued in excess of what is regarded as actually paid up in cash or its equivalent. While the Interstate Commission will conduct the details of enforcement the Attorney General is instructed to prosecute all cases which the Commission reports as failing to comply with the provisions of the law. Suitable penalties are, of course, provided for infractions. In this connection, the bill of Representative Hepburn which provides for an appropriation of \$500,000 to enable the Attorney General to adequately prosecute such cases against the trusts as he deems it necessary to bring, becomes of the utmost importance.

Most of the Republican leaders of the Senate have signified not only their willingness to further anti-trust legislation in accordance with the President's recommendations, but predict that such a law will be enacted. Senator Hoar has said that he feared the short session would not afford an opportunity to do the subject justice but, if a satisfactory law is passed by the House it is not likely that the Senator from Massachusetts will stand in its way.

Senator Lodge has introduced a bill providing for the reduction of the tariff on imports from the Philippines, from 75 to 25 per cent, of the Dingley rates. This bill is in entire accordance with the views of Secretary Root and Governor Taft and will doubtless become a law. It is further regarded as paving the way for greater liberality with Cuba. Another important measure affecting the Philippines, which Senator Lodge will bring in at an early date, will provide for a gold standard in the islands. Vice-Governor Luke E. Wright, who is in Washington, speaks in glowing terms of American administration in the islands and states that, when the two bills referred to have been enacted, the Philippines will experience an era of prosperity heretofore unknown in the islands.

The only cloud on the Republican sky is furnished by the Omnibus Territorial bill. Senator Beveridge and his committee after looking over the territories, reported the bill with the recommendation that only Oklahoma be admitted to statehood. The New England Senators all oppose the admission of the territories but many of the western Republican sentiment is growing in the South, and with the personal popularity of the President to incite, together with the fact that the Republican party fathered their statehood, it would be easy to make of the three territories steadfast adherents of Republican principles. Senator Quay has by no means given up the fight he has been making in favor of the territories and there promises to be a sharp contest on the floor of the Senate before the matter is disposed of.

From Former Citizen.

Our old friend William Hamilton, formerly of Drifwood, requests us to forward his Pass to Morocco, West Va., where he is located as Treasurer and Supt. of Leatherwood Lumber Company. Mr. Hamilton through his son, G. C. who writes us, wishes to be remembered to all Cameron county friends and promises to pay us a visit in the near future.

G. W. Warner Dead.

The PRESS is pained to inform its readers of the death of HON. GEORGE W. WARNER, aged 75 years, and 28 days at six o'clock this morning. The funeral will be held from his family residence corner of Fourth street and Woodland Avenue, on Saturday, at two o'clock. Masonic rites. Judge Warner has long been one of our respected citizens, coming to this place 1861. Appropriate remarks in our next issue.

Money Found.

R. C. Dodson found a sum of money, some time ago. The owner can have same by properly describing it and paying for this notice.

Masonic Banquet.

We understand the Masonic bodies of Emporium are preparing to give an elaborate Banquet, Dec. 18th. Upon this occasion the ladies will be "in it," which is eminently right and proper. No doubt it will be a pleasant affair.

Artist and Art Goods.

The PRESS readers are directed to the beautiful adv. of W. G. Bair, our energetic Artist and Art Goods Dealer, published in this issue of the PRESS. Mr. Bair is rapidly forging to the front as an Artist and the excellent work he is turning out for his patrons testifies to the fact. In the Art Department will be found a beautiful line of hand-made leather work, the handi-work of Mrs. Bair, who has received many flattering compliments on her taste. Call early, we advise our readers.

Resigned.

Harry Fahnestock, who has been American Express and ticket agent at the Junction has resigned his position and expects to leave Emporium in the near future, to reside at Chambersburg, Pa. Mr. Fahnestock has been a resident of Emporium for many years and will be missed by many friends and he has plenty of them. He was always at his post of duty and was ever faithful in the discharge of his duties. We understand he will leave as soon as his successor is named by American Express Company. We understand Grant S. Allen will be appointed agent at the Junction.

Exciting Runaway.

Our citizens were considerably excited yesterday over the running away of a horse attached to a sleigh, containing Mrs. Cole and three children. When near the east ward school house the horse took freight, throwing out of the sleigh Mrs. Kelley and two children, and ran up Fifth street to Howard's new mill, above the tannery, where the horse became detached from the sleigh. Of course a large number of people and children followed the horse, knowing that a little babe was lying on the bottom of the sleigh. The child was found by the frantic mother, who followed in a carriage, none the worse for its exciting ride.

The Brockway Jubilee Singers.

The large audience in attendance at the Brockway Jubilee Concert, last Friday night, was a distinct compliment to the singers, as a majority of those present had heard the company here two seasons ago.

The form of entertainment furnished by them, appears to possess a fascination of which the public never tires and the hearty applause that greeted each member, expressed the appreciation of the audience in a most unmistakable manner. They sing and act as only members of their race can.

Their voices, naturally of good quality, have been faithfully cultivated, until singing with them has become a fine art; some of their solo and quartette work would have done credit to vocalists of greater pretentiousness. The camp meeting choruses were given with characteristic fervor and refreshing naturalness. The specialties were done in splendid style. The whistling and bird warbling of Mr. Washington caused wonder and amazement and was the occasion of no little pleasure to the listener. All were sorry when the program of nearly two hours was over.

Chandler, December 20th.

The Hon. Walter M. Chandler, of the New York Bar, will give the third number in the People's Star Course, Saturday evening, Dec. 20th. His subject will be "Humorous Experiences Abroad." This is regarded as the most popular lecture in his extensive repertoire and while replete with flashes of wit and quaint gleams of humor it will eloquently describe the places and peoples visited by him and will be a masterpiece of finished and varied oratory.

Lost—Between Mr. Josiah Howard's residence and Mrs. Cavey's millinery store, a small gold watch decorated with blue enamel. Suitable reward will be given for same, if left at the PRESS office.

Legislative Contest.

After due deliberation and at the request of many citizens, Democrats as well as Republicans, the editor of this journal, who was the nominee of the Republican party at the last election for Representative, has decided to contest the legality of the majority—79 votes—returned for Hon. F. X. Blumle, for the legislature. The conduct of the campaign and election is universally condemned even by our opponents. For years, commencing with the defeat of Hon. J. C. Johnson, in 1892, an utter disregard of all law, have been used to defeat the honest choice of the people of this county, resorting to anything disreputable to defeat our candidates, backed by a powerful influence of money and other tactics, purely illegal—throwing Boss Tweed, in his palmist days, clear into the shade. This thing has continued and knowing that in the past it has been allowed to pass over the clique of wrong-doers became frantic in the past campaign and resorted to desperate means to carry out their orders. We do not propose to reveal what was noted during the contest, and since, until the proper time, when all will be made clear and unmistakable that most gigantic plots cannot always go unpunished. The life of this Nation depends upon honest elections and if such are denied the people of this county, where will we drift to? As far as we are personally concerned we shall push this matter to the bitter end, believing that all honest, unprejudiced citizens, who believe in the purity of the ballot and fair play, will support us in our efforts to stamp out the curse that has for years been a stench in the nostrils of all truly honest men. The cry of the "willing tools," who fully realize upon what dangerous ground they stand, will not deter us.

The following petition was hurriedly circulated and the law requiring but twenty names, we did not take the time to call upon more than required, yet we could have had, and were offered, the names of scores of our citizens. For the benefit of the political editor of the Independent will note that the gentlemen whose names appear are reputable citizens, American citizens and taxpayers, who did not have to call in "the willing tools" from outside of this county to be told what to do. The people "will note this contest with interest," we assure you, and will size up to the occasion. Remember Lincoln's motto about fooling the people. There will be no more of it in this county, for we have the guaranteed support of substantial citizens, men who do not carry a dark lantern and bear, in indelible ink, the curse of the dollar mark on their foreheads. They will stand with us.

Relying upon the integrity of our law-loving, and law-abiding citizens in our efforts to secure clean, honest elections for Cameron county, I remain,
Very Respectfully,
HENRY H. MULLIN.

In recontested election of Francis Xavier Blumle. In the Court of Common Pleas of Cameron County, Pa.

PETITION.

To the Honorable, the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Cameron County, Penn'a.

The petition of the undersigned, citizens and electors of the said County, respectfully represents: That at the general election held in said County on the fourth day of November, 1902, for the choice of Member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania in and for said County and other officers, County and State, the candidates for the said office of Member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the House of Pennsylvania, voted for by the electors of said County were said Francis Xavier Blumle and Henry H. Mullin, both of whom were duly nominated. That by the returns of the said election computed and certified according to law in November, 1902, the said Francis Xavier Blumle was declared to have received eight hundred and twenty-one (821) votes, and the said Henry H. Mullin seven hundred and forty-two (742) votes for said office, the said Francis Xavier Blumle having a majority according to such returns and computation, of seventy-nine (79) votes over the said Henry H. Mullin. That the said election of the said Francis Xavier Blumle to the said office was undue and illegal, and the return thereof not correct, for the following reasons:

That in the election precinct of Shippen Township in said County the said Francis Xavier Blumle and his friends and agents openly and secretly bribed electors to vote for him, the said Blumle, by money, offers of money, intoxicating liquors and other inducements, and thus induced many persons, to-wit, fifty or more, to vote, who did vote, for him the said Blumle. And in said Shippen precinct sent or caused to be sent his agents from Elk County or other places who offered money and intoxicating liquors to electors to induce them to vote for him, the said Blumle.

That in each of the election precincts of Grove, Lumber and Gibson Townships in said County, the said Blumle and his friends and agents bribed electors to vote, and who did vote for him, the said Blumle, by offers and use of money, intoxicating liquors and other inducements, to-wit, bribed twenty or more electors in each of said precincts of Lumber, Grove and Gibson, who voted at said election for said Blumle.

That in each of said and foregoing Townships and precincts many persons who were not qualified electors by reason of non-residence, non-payment of taxes according to law, non-registration, aliens and otherwise not qualified to vote, were permitted to vote and did vote for the said Blumle for the said office and were counted for him.

That in several of the said precincts, including the Townships of Shippen and Lumber, in the said County, for some weeks preceding said election, the partisans and agents of said Blumle, advertised and held so-called Pic Nics at which they distributed lunches and large quantities of intoxicating liquors to induce persons to vote for said Blumle, which Pic-Nics were held on the Sabbath Day.

That in other ways numerous illegal votes were obtained and cast for the said Blumle at the said election in other precincts in the said county.

Wherefore in fact the said Henry H. Mullin had a majority of the legal votes over the said Francis Xavier Blumle for the said office of Member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, and was duly elected thereto.

The petitioners, therefore, contesting the election of the said Francis Xavier Blumle as Member of the House of Representatives as aforesaid, respectfully pray that their petition and complaint may be heard and determined by the Court, and such order and decree made and entered therein as may be deemed lawful and just, according to the provisions of the Acts of Assembly of this Commonwealth governing contested elections.

H. H. MULLIN, Harry Hemphill, H. H. Cloyes, Fred Julian, E. J. Smith, O. Prondfoot, Warren Moore, P. M. Hanes, A. R. Berfield, O. G. Thompson, S. D. McCoole, B. L. Spence, E. E. Mulliner, Franklin Housler, John D. Swope, Henry Edgcomb, Charles T. Logan, Frank E. Richardson, M. J. B. Brooks, C. H. Van Ness, V. K. Corbett, H. B. Mutersbaugh.

H. H. MULLIN, Harry Hemphill, H. H. Cloyes, John D. Swope, Henry Edgcomb, five of the petitioners above named, having been duly sworn according to law, on oath severally depose and say that they believe the facts stated in the foregoing petition are true; that according to the best of their knowledge and belief the election of the said Francis Xavier Blumle to the office of Member of the House of Representatives of the General Assembly of the State of Pennsylvania, in and for said county of Cameron, is and was undue and illegal, and the return thereof not correct, and that the petition to contest the same is made in good faith.

Sworn and subscribed to before me for Dec. 3, 1902.
M. M. LARRABEE, J. P.

Mitchell's Successor Probably Selected.

Special Dispatch to The North American. HARRISBURG, December 8.—A delegation of Lebanon lawyers called on Governor Stone to-day and urged him to appoint ex-Representative Thomas H. Capp, of Lebanon, to the vacancy in the Superior Court created by the retirement of Judge John I. Mitchell, of Wellsboro, under the Judges pension act. Capp has received no encouragement from Stone, and the prospects are that he will not be appointed.

The new Judge is believed to have been agreed on at the Conference held between Stone and Senator Quay at Washington on Saturday, and the appointment will be announced soon. Stone's purpose of consulting Quay was to make sure that his appointee will be nominated for the full term of ten years by the next Republican State convention before making a final selection.

The latest name to be mentioned is that of B. W. Green, of Emporium, an old schoolmate of Governor Stone.

Gas Supply Falls.

Fortwo or three winters our people have suffered from lack of gas for heating purposes and suffer no little inconvenience. On Sunday and Monday, in various sections of our town, it was impossible to keep warm and wood stoves were brought into use. Those depending on gas for light were in the dark. From present appearances Emporium will be obliged to go back to oil, wood and coal or encourage some other gas line to come here. Emporium has heard so many times that "another well is being attached"—that old chestnut will not work. We are up against the stubborn fact—saw wood or freeze to death.

Broken Leg.

James Carter, a stranger in this section, while working on Frank Craven's log job, at camp No. 18, had the misfortune to break his left leg, last Monday, while skidding logs. The injured man was brought to Emporium and sent to Williamsport Hospital on afternoon train, by C. B. Howard Company.

Coming Attraction.

Guy Bro's Minstrels, Dec. 17th.

Turkeys for Widows.

The PRESS is pleased to announce that arrangements have been made to present every widow residing within the Borough limits of Emporium, with a Turkey for Christmas. It is hoped every widow, rich or poor, will send or have their names at the PRESS office as soon as possible not later than Dec. 22d. A nice Turkey will be presented each lady in time for Christmas. Send in the names.

Mine Horror.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Dec. 9.—By an explosion of gas in South Wilkesbarre mine of the Lehigh & Wilkesbarre Coal Company today a number of men are reported to have been killed. Rescuing parties are now in the mine.

Later—It is feared the explosion was worse than at first reported.

The list of dead is now placed at 17. The number of men burned will reach eight.

There is considerable excitement at the colliery. The relatives and friends of the entombed men have gathered in large numbers and are anxiously awaiting news from below.

The South Wilkesbarre mine is one of the most gaseous in the anthracite region. Extra precautions always have been taken to guard against explosion.

It is said the explosion was caused by a miner who dropped a stick of dynamite. The explosion set off a pocket of gas.

Fire damp has greatly impeded the work of the rescuers.

Big Tannery Fire.

The Eagle Valley tannery at Ridgeway was destroyed by fire, early Sunday morning, caused by explosion of natural gas in the engine room. The loss on building is estimated at \$75,000, and that on the stock of leather and hides at \$250,000 to \$300,000. The loss is said to be well covered by insurance.

This tannery is in the Elk Tanning company's district which is identified with the United States Leather company.

George W. Childs, who is president of the Elk Tanning company, was in the south, but upon being informed of the fire left for Ridgeway at once. A large number of employees will be thrown out of work, but rebuilding will be commenced soon. The bark stacked in the yards was not burned.

People Attention.

To Whom it May Concern:—I will be at home from Dec. 20th until Jan. 4th for the purpose of practicing dentistry. I am coming prepared to make twenty sets of teeth and no more at \$6.00 per set. This will certainly be your last opportunity at this figure. The work in this line I have done in the past, speaks for itself. Defy any one, qualified to judge, to produce better material, or find fault with the workmanship.

I am doing the work at this price, and at this time, because I have the material and wish to turn it into cash, for as a student I need the money to complete my dental course at University of Buffalo.

You will be wise to take advantage of the situation. Ask your neighbors, I have worked for them. Many have made engagements; so come early or you will be too late.

Respectfully,
E. D. NEWTON.

Early Advertisers.

Our merchants are "up to snuff" this year and start early with their Christmas announcements. In this issue appear well displayed advertisements of the following wide-awake merchants. H. A. Zaps & Co., with an attractive full page announcement; J. H. Day and H. C. Olmsted, each with a half page; Hon. L. Taggart, one column; John Cruice half column; Thos. Trotter, half col.

The PRESS will be prepared to accommodate a few more advertisements during the next two issues. Our issue for Dec. 24th—one day earlier than usual—will be a beauty and all should get their copy in early.

Debt Jubilee.

The jubilee in the Methodist church last Thursday evening was a magnificent success. 200 people were present. A good literary program was rendered and a luncheon was served in the parlors of the church.

Almost \$1500 have been raised in the last three months and was used to pay notes, bonds and other claims against the church, so that the trustees are absolutely free from claims upon them. The notes, mortgage, etc., were burned while the congregation sang "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—Austin Autograph.

Handsome Residence.

The Climax Powder Company, of this place, recently purchased the place next to T. F. More's residence, Sixth street, and have torn down the same, intending to erect a handsome twenty room house, 42x100 feet, to cost when completed about \$15,000. The handsome structure will be occupied as a home for the clerks employed in their offices at this place.

WEATHER REPORT.
(Forecast by T. B. Lloyd.)
FRIDAY, Snow flurries.
SATURDAY, Fair.
SUNDAY, Rain or snow.

Christmas! Christmas!



Old Reliable Drug Store

STOCK IS SIMPLY IMMENSE.

To fully enumerate is simply impossible but in part we have

China Ware by the car load.
Dolls by the hundred.
Book up-to-date.
Books Juvenile.
Book of Standard poets.
Baby carriages by the dozen.
Games of every kind.
Mechanical to tickle the boys.
Leather goods for the ladies.
Leather goods for the gentlemen.
Leather goods for the children.
Comb and Brush sets. A great variety.

Christmas tree ornaments for all
Mirrors in frames of gold.
Mirrors in frames of wood.
Mirrors round.
Mirrors square.
Mirrors oblong.
Mirrors Triplicate.
Shooting galleries for the boys.
Tool chests for the boys.
Black board for boys and girls.
Artistic pictures with frames of gold.
Artistic pictures in frames of wood.
Artistic pictures in frames of metal.
Stationery both fancy and plain
Stationery in box, tablets or bulk.

Brushes for the hair.
Brushes for the clothes.
Brushes for the bath.
Brushes for the nails.
Brushes for the teeth.
Brushes for the complexion.
Brushes Shaving.
Perfumes none superior.
Toilet articles in great variety.
Rocking Horses for the little ones.

Vases, wall—come and see.
Odor Sprayers of new designs.
Water Sets of glass, very fine.
Books—new, by Mrs. E. M. Newton, soon.

Furniture sets to please the little ones.

In fact we have almost everything except high prices, and if you want that you can get it almost any store except here. Don't make the mistake to purchase your holiday goods until you have looked our stock over.

L. TAGGART.

SORROWS OF SANTA

I CHANCED into Santa Claus' home one day, and these are the words I heard him say:

"Ah, me, the times, the manners, the men! It used to be all so different when

"I was a young man in the long ago And sped with my reindeer over the snow.

"Then every home in every land Gave unto me always a welcome hand,

"And chimneys then in the days gone by Were not oversmall and not overhigh.

"And the stockings they used were the old fashioned kind, All hung in a row and so easy to find.

"Then the gifts were so simple and all in good taste, From the gingerbread man to the doll made of paste.

"But now it's so different. Heigho, hear me sigh! I mourn for the days in the Land of Goneyby.

"For now I'm kept busy from early till late, In my earnest endeavors to be up to date.

"I've trimmed my old beard in the new Vaniskee style, And instead of a laugh I've a smirking smile.



"I'VE CEASED TO WEAR ALL MY OLD FASHIONED CLOTHES."

"Yes, I've ceased to wear all my old-fashioned clothes, And I've got on long shoes with the sharp pointed toes.

"And my reindeer and robes and my beautiful sleigh With my gingerbread presents are all laid away.

"For I ride nowadays on a bicycle swift And I'm puzzled to know what to bring for a gift.

"To the girls fin de siecle, and as for the boys, They've no use at all for my old fashioned toys.

"And the houses have changed. In those things called a flat I'm kept busy guessing just where I am at.

"Excuse me now, please, if I speak very low; I've come to my last and my cruellest blow.

"Tis the worst, though what I have told you is bad; My wife has acquired the new woman fad."

And those were the words I heard him say When I chanced in Santa Claus' home one day.

—Detroit News-Tribune.

AN ODD BELGIAN CUSTOM.

A Picturesque Procession on Christmas Eve.

In some old Belgian towns a beautiful spectacle may be seen on Christmas eve. Amid the sound of drum, cornet, cymbal and a whole orchestra of instruments, with the chanting of carols, a long, gayly decked procession marches through the principal streets—children of all ages, each division dressed in its special color (white, blue, pink or yellow), and all bearing some badge or emblem or grasping some bright ribbon attached to shrine or crucifix. The effect of grouping and color is very artistic. Here and there in the throng older, stronger hands bear aloft precious relics, upon which the spectators reverently gaze. Many novel features come into view as the procession passes along, but the prettiest sight is the train of beautiful children in fantastic dress marching over the flower strewn pavement, each small person 'travely absorbed in the special part it performs. —Pittsburg Dispatch.

CANDLESTICKS AS GIFTS.

Antique Treasures Which May Be Found In Junkshops.

Candlesticks are decorative, utilitarian and thoroughly good form. What, then, could be more acceptable for Christmas gifts?

A pair of highly polished brass candlesticks give an air of distinction to even the humblest surroundings. Their polish reflects the thrift of the housekeeper, and their presence denotes her good taste.

The genuine antique candlestick with their quaint, simple outlines, are preferable to the more modern affairs that are apt to be a trifle too ornate for really good effect. The candlesticks are often to be bought in junkshops for their gross weight, and many beautiful specimens have been picked up in this way by the clever and industrious collector. —New York Journal.

A TROPICAL CHRISTMAS

How the Day of Days Is Celebrated In Jamaica

CHRISTMAS with the mercury at 95 degrees in the shade and soaring away out of sight when exposed in the open!

The burning, almost boiling, rays of the sun beat vertically down from a deep blue dome of sky that is unrelieved by a single film of cloud, and reflect back with added intensity of suffering heat from the parched, baked and cracked earth and from the surface of a sea that shimmers like molten lead. Christmas in a land of perpetual summer, and a hot wave at that, where a linen suit feels like a buffalo robe and the mere thought of a blazing Yule log almost induces an attack of fever! The calendar may insist that it is the 25th of December, but to a stranger from the north, says a newspaper correspondent from Kingston, Jamaica, to whom the word "Christmas" has a jingle of sleighbells and the sharp, keen ring of skate blades on the ice, there is no real Christmas in the strange countries of the tropics.

In Kingston, the capital of Jamaica, the preparations for Christmas begin several weeks before the event. The shopkeepers lay in extra supplies and provide special attractions, pretty much after the manner of the New York stores. Among other things they import large quantities of sweetmeats and candies from London, New York and Paris, including chocolate creams and other confectionery which New Yorkers are accustomed to getting "fresh every hour." In Jamaica you are reasonably sure of getting these delicacies fresh every Christmas. Chocolate grows in great abundance all over the island, but it must go to London or Paris or New York to be manufactured into candy, or even into the preparations for breakfast beverages. That is one of the expensive peculiarities of the country. The Christmas market is the great feature of the day, and almost the principal event of the year in a certain sense. Everybody goes to market on Christmas day, and between the hours of 6 and 9 in the morning all the fashion and beauty of the island's capital are on dress parade through Victoria market.

The stalls in the market are gayly decorated with flags, bunting, palm branches, colored paper, tinsel and an



A NATIVE DUDE IN HOLIDAY DRESS.

abundance of flowers. A brass band occupies a prominent position in the market building and discourses music of great volume and variety and more or less melody. After the crowds fairly take possession of the market the performance of the band appears to be mostly pantomimic, for nothing made by the hand of man can for a moment compete in noise producing capacity with the average Jamaican negro.

The West Indian negro's great weakness is a love of gay apparel, next is a predilection for ceremoniousness, and the most prominent affliction is garrulity. In the crowd that surges past one through the market and the surrounding streets may be seen every variety of apparel known to civilized and uncivilized man. The country people wear little or nothing, the coolies as little as nothing, but the town negro wears everything he or she can put on, without any regard whatever to the climatic conditions. They take their notions from the English fashion papers, and heavy woolen clothing is all the style. The writer has even seen sealskins worn in Kingston on a day when the thermometer registered 90 degrees in the shade. Here is a stylish saddle colored gentleman wearing loud check trousers, patent leather shoes, a striped flannel shirt of three colors, a

crimson and black sash around his waist, a blue English cricketing cap on his head. In his hand he carries an immense cane, while screwed into his left eye is a circular piece of perfectly plain glass, through which he glares stonily on the throng. Not long ago the single eyeglass became very popular among Kingston society darkies, but they could not get along with the glasses that magnified, so some enterprising merchant imported a lot of circular pieces of plain window glass and all the dudes wore them, happily and idiotically.

The Cause of His Grief.

The danger of explaining all one's troubles is illustrated by an incident from Chums. A kind hearted old gentleman had found a small boy crying and stopped to see what was the matter.

"Why are you crying, my little lad?" he asked.

"Boohoo!" said the boy. "Billy Wells hit me, an' father hit me because I let Billy hit me, an' Billy Wells hit me again because I told father, an' now father 'll hit me again because Billy Wells hit me the second time."

A Sailors' Fish Test.

Sailors have a very simple and what is said to be a very effective way of determining the edible or nonedible qualities of any new varieties of fish they may happen to run across. In the water in which the fish is boiled is placed a bright silver coin. If the coin retains its natural color during the boiling process, the fish is good to eat, but if it turns dark the food is rejected.

No Cause For Him to Complain.

"See here!" remarked the guest to the new waiter. "There doesn't seem to be any soup on this menu card."

"Oh, no, sir," replied the waiter nervously. "I didn't spill it at this table; it was the one on the other side of the room."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Long Wait.

Physician (looking into his anteroom, where a number of patients are waiting)—Who has been waiting the longest?

Tailor (who has called to present his bill)—I have, doctor. I delivered the clothes to you three years ago.

When We Really Can't Blame Them.

Sometimes in our more tolerant and forgiving moods we don't blame people for what they do. At the same time we cannot help but feel that they ought to have had more sense.—Indianapolis News.

Red and Inflamed Eyelids.

Red and inflamed lids, lids which look as though the person had been keeping very late hours, says a recent periodical, and lids which have little crusts formed during the night at the root of the eyelashes, are usually an indication of a low degree of astigmatism. In some cases no relief is had for this condition till proper glasses are procured. A large proportion of the cases, however, will be cured by the following ointment: Yellow oxide of mercury, three grains; yellow vaseline, one-half ounce; mix thoroughly and apply a very little to the edge of the eyelids each night.—Jewelers' Circular-Weekly.

The Limit.

"Don't you think," said the soulful young thing, "that a ruined old church with the ivy clinging to its crumbling walls comes nearer than anything else to realizing one's ideal of patient resignation?"

"That's what it does," replied the young man with the camera. "I don't know anything that will stand for being photographed half as often."—Exchange.

No Cause For Woe.

Stokes—Speaking of mourning, if your rich uncle were to die, should you put on black?

Bickers—Certainly not. If he left me something handsome, why should I be such a hypocrite as to don the garb of woe? On the other hand, if he left me out of his will, how could I consistently put on mourning for such a curmudgeon?—Boston Transcript.

Extra Limited.

Patron—When was this chicken killed?

Waiter—We don't furnish dates with chickens, sir. Only bread and butter.—Pittsburg Press.

C. G. SCHMIDT'S,
HEADQUARTERS FOR

Popular Bakery,

FRESH BREAD,
PIES,
FANCY CAKES,
ICE CREAM,
NUTS

CONFECTIONERY

Daily Delivery. All orders given prompt and skillful attention.

Give us Time Enough

To make that portrait you intend as a HOLIDAY GIFT.

DON'T put it off too long, then expect us to get it out on time.

PLENTY of time should be given the artist if you expect an ARTISTIC PORTRAIT.

I HAVE the finest line of mountings and folders ever seen in this state.

Our Art Stock.

Beautiful Oil Paintings, Water Colors, Steel Engravings, Etchings, Picture Frame Mouldings, Artistic Picture Frames, in fact everything that can be found in a first-class ART STORE.



UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

Pyrography Work,

Burnt Wood and Leather Novelties. This is the first time anything in this line, hand-made leather goods, has been displayed in this county. Call and see the designs.

W. G. BAIR,

ARTIST AND ART GOODS DEALER.

OPPOSITE BANK, EMPORIUM, PA.

We Have What You Need!

To brush up and make beautiful your home. The season of the year for such work has arrived and we would call the attention of the public to our very large and reliable line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, the best in the world. In addition to the best paints, we have a first-class line of De Voe & Co.'s Brushes. Get a move on and be prepared to paint before the workmen are all engaged. We can save you money.

While you are painting your home or business place let us talk a little with you on Bath and Closets, Hot Water, Steam or anything in that line. Our increased facilities and expert workmen will do you good work. Don't delay until too late.

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Write or wire us, when a competent agent will call on you.

Murphy & Coppersmith Co.

AFTER THE BATTLE

Some are found bleeding and sore, while others have a fit of the blues. No if there should be any so unfortunate as to suffer from the effects of accidents we have the Balm for their pains and aches, let it be either for man or beast.

Our liniment and powders for horses or cattle are always the best.

Our medicines are pure and always get there. The prices are right too.

Our patent medicine department is supplied with all the standard remedies and we can supply your on short notice.

Our toilet and fancy goods department we keep up to the times.

Our Prescription department receives our closest attention and all calls answered day or night. Just touch the button. In fact we are here to do business and serve the public.

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THE PHARMACIST,

Consult Your Interests

AND SAVE BIG MONEY
BY ORDERING NOW

YOUR FALL SUIT

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**R. SEGER &
COMPANY'S.**

We handle nothing but the very best fabrics and on this together with first-class fit and workmanship we have built up the large patronage we enjoy. Come in and see us.

R. SEGER & CO.

Opposite M. E. Church.

Fobert The Tailor

Closing Out Sale.

In order to make room for our Spring Woolens we must sell out our winter stock. Here are a few of our prices:

\$20.00 suits for	\$17.75
22.00 suits for	18.75
24.00 suits for	20.00
26.00 suits for	22.00
28.00 suits for	24.00
30.00 suits for	25.00
35.00 suits for	28.75

All Work Guaranteed

J. L. FOBERT,

Emporium, Pa.

AUNT SUKIE'S SANTA CLAUS

A Christmas Story

"O L E Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ole Ann Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
Ter drink er cup er tea."

So sang Black Cesar, the wag of the plantation, and then he proceeded to tell us about Aunt Sukie.

"I des' tell yo' wat—I tell yo' er fac', by Jo! Ef I didn't git in de lammines' scrape er Crismus time! Dat was de time we an' dem w'ite boys made up ter play er projick on Unc' Ike an' Ann Sukie."

"Long time 'fo' Crismus come we don't heah nuttin' but 'Sandy Claws, Sandy Claws,' 'fom Ann Sukie. She go pudgin' erroun' de kitchen sayin': 'Um-m! W'inter w'at ole Marse Sandy Claws gwine ter fetch me Crismus.' Den ef we git ter cuttin' up de leases' bit 'bout de house she 'low: 'Bottuh min' w'at yo' 'bout. Fuses ding yo' know ole man Sandy Claws gwine ter pars along 'by 'n' nev' so much es notice dem ole socks er yo'n. Won't eben put er groun' pea in 'em.'"

"So we all 'sidered an' 'sidered, an' las' we made up ter fix dat ole crittur up 'n' good shape. We all know ole Ann Sukie ain' got no sense ter frow 'way nohow, so we 'cide we gwine ter sca' Ann Sukie 'n' Unc' Ike out 'n' dey seben senses."

"Two er free days 'fo' Crismus we was er settin' on de fence, 'n' ole lady Sukie come by wid some truck ter make de fiah wid, an' den I sing dot little song w'at a be'n singin', an' I kep' on:

"An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had 'fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had 'fo' suppah,
An' it's w'at do yo' fink
Ole Sukie had 'fo' suppah—
Apple sass an' sparrer grass
An' hominy an' buttah."

"Well, sah, dat ole soul mos' had er spazzum w'en she hearn us er singin' dat song, an' she rail out 'n' buse us an' 'buse us an' cull us all kin' er bad names an' freaten us wid ha'nts an' I dunno w'at all."

"Unc' Ike, he Ann Sukie's ole man, an' he wur de contraries' an' de spite-fules' ole nigger on de whole plantation. He al'us er pokin' erroun' an' er grumblin' 'bout sumpin'. He couldn' ros' easy less'n he studiyin' up some kin' er meanness. I don't see w'at mek ole marse keep dat ole nigger 'bout de place 'fo' nohow, 'case he ain' fitten 'fo' nuffin' but ter prowl erroun' an' hunt hen-nesses, an' w'en he fin' one he al'us tek toll out'n it. He 'casioned us ter git er many er larrupin' wid 'e ole grumblin' ways, 'case marse b'lieve ev' yo' w'd Unc' Ike say, mek' no difference how much de ole scoun' stretch de blanket. But we done made up our min's ter git eben wid ole Ann Sukie an' Unc' Ike, too, an' we des tease dem ole pussions twel dey mos' have er fit."

"Uster sing dis way w'en we see Unc' Ike er comin':

"Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Dat's so;
Sukie bake de ashcake slow,
Too slow;
Big Ike, little Ike, yo' bettah go!

"Lo'd massy! Yo' des arter seed dat ole contrary niggah w'en we sing dat song. He look so vigus dat yo' fink ole



"LAWD ER MASSY, IKE, HE'S COME!"

Tomboy done got er holt er him, an' w'en we see de ole man grab up er bresh an' mek to'ds us we git 'fom dar."

"W'en Crismus time 'gun ter git close by, we all 'gun ter fix up 'fo' dem ole pussions. Day nex' 'fo' Crismus marse he mek er long higherfuttin' speech an' tell us dat long's we all b'aved out'se'fs purty well an' wo'k hard an' mek er good crop, he gwine gin us er whole day 'fo' ter frolic erroun' an' 'joy weese'fs. Me an' Jack an' Tom—dem was de w'ite boys—slip out'n de back do' an' des lit out. Down at de fubins weh dey be'n er killin' hogs we sot an' rigged up er projick 'fo' ter wake up dem ole folks. Tom say, 'Jack, yo' man he de ole Sandy Claws, an' we watch so's we don't git catch up wid.' Jack say, 'No, I hain't, umber, 'case yo' boys run an' let me in' den I kin' ter git out the bes' I kin.

To be'n can't fool me dat erway.' Den I say, 'No min', I be de ole headman. We'll git er 'fokked him, an' put er shirt an' triches an' er ole hat on de head, an' we tak' some hog's bristles an' mek mustashes an' whiskers, an' I'll fix up on de roof an' let de ole Sandy Claws down des es sofly.' Den w'ile we fixin' up de ole man we all sing some an' er dat song an' laff 'bout how we gwinter de 'em up."

"After so long er time, we git everything ail right, an' we start down ter de quatches. Unc' Ike so curious an' contrary dat he can't live in peace wid de res' er der niggers, an' ole marse ha' ter buil' 'im er cabin 'way off 'fom de res' weh de ole man could fuss 'n' qua' dos so much as he feel like. We ha' ter be mighty keeful gwine frough de weeds, 'case we see er light in Unc' Ike's cabin frough er hole in de chimney. Any yudder time Ann Sukie done be'n settin' by de fiah er noppin' an' er smokin' dat ole pipe twel de dead hours er de night; but now she done laid down, 'case she 'spectin' ole Sandy Claws, an' she heah ole mis' say dat he ain' gwine come home 'long as any pusson 'wake 'bout de house. She layin' down, an' done had 'er head kivered up wid de quilts. Unc' Ike, he settin' up in de co'ner wid he shucks, platin' an' ole hoss collar w'at he gwine ter sell nex' day 'fo' ter git de Crismus dram wid. An' he had free big ole niggerkiller 'taters roastin' in de ashes 'fo' de brekfus."

"Ann Sukie keep er sayin': 'Ike, w'y don' yo' come ter bed? Don' yo' know hit's er gittin' late?'"

"Unc' Ike says: 'Sukie, yo' des' shet up yo' mouf. I know w'at yo' studiyin' 'bout, yo' ole fool. Yo' leume 'lone, an' ef yo' sleepy go ter sleep, I tell yo'."

"Den I sorter hum low:

"Pateroller, pateroller, let Ike pars,
Sukie cook slow, but she eat mighty fas',
Sorry 'fo' lame nigger gets dar las',
Do, Mistah Pateroller, let Ike pars."

"Unc' Ike, mus' er hearn me, 'case he stop right still an' cock he yeah side, ways an' listen an' den mumull out sumpin' 'bout 'Ne' min', I git yo' sassy rasc'l's yit. See 'f I don't tell ole marse."

"Ann Sukie say: 'W'at yo' er muterin' an' mumblin' 'bout, Ike? I does wish yo'd come on ter bed an' quit stirrin' up dem coals.'"

"Unc' Ike say: 'It's er-talkin' ter myse'f, an' 'tain't none er yo' business. Sukie, yo' de bigges' gump I evuh seed. Yo' layin' dar finkin' 'bout dat mess 'bout Sandy Claws. Hain't I done seed yo' ole stockin' hangin' dar? Yo' fink ole Sandy Claws gwine ter pay any 'tention ter dat ole wool stockin'? No, alree, bob! Ole mis' des' ruint yo', an' yo' bak'in' up de wrong stump dis time, 'fo' sho' yo' is.'"

"Bimeby de ole man git sorter t'ied, an' he kiver dem taters up mighty good an' start ter bed. Den, a'fer de ole man done laid down, he keep er-talkin' 'bout crops an' 'bout 'ligion an' 'bout anything 'fo' ter worry Ann Sukie, who ain' sayin' nuffin' 'tall. A'fer long time Unc' Ike drops off ter sleep an' 'gin ter sno', an' den Ann Sukie rise up an' look 'all erroun' des' as 'cussin' lack an' den drap down lack she's er sleep."

"Dey was er little chunk er fiah w'at kep' er winkin' an' er blinkin' in de b'ath, but we done be'n er watchin' frough dat hole twel we gittin' t'ied, an' las' I gon' ter climb up on de house. I clumb right easy up de co'ner an' outer de aldge er de ruff, an' 'fom dar I eased erlong twel I got ter de chimney. I got er straddle er de ridgepole, an' den I fix' my ole Sandy Claws an' 'gun ter git ready 'fo' de cirks. De chimney was about er foot too low down, so's I ha' ter let one foot res' on de chimney an' w'en I fetch de yudder laig down I say ter myse'f:

"Ole Sukie Blueskin
She fell in love wid me,
An' she ax me down ter her house
Ter drink er cup er tea."

"Down, down, down went de Sandy Claws, breshin' de sut down, an' des as 'e come in sight Ann Sukie squalled lack er crippled coon, 'Lawd er massy, Ike, he's come!"

"Des den de clof tetch'd de little blaze er fiah, an' hit blazed way up, an' hit stilled me twel I los' my holt, an' wid er clitter clatter, rip an' ker blim, I landed down in de hot ashes, right on top er de Sandy Claws an' all mixed up wid Unc' Ike's taters."

"Yo' neber hearn sich er row 'twix' dis an' jedgment. Ann Sukie she squall: 'Oh, marse! Oh, mistis! He'p! He'p! De ole boy's come a'fer me an' Ike! An' she went er spinnin' out frough de dead teawoods. Unc' Ike, he done riz, an' w'iles I scudlin' wid de Sandy Claws he got er ax handle an' was des er lambastin' me."

"A'fer w'iles I say: 'Please, Unc' Ike, don' hit me no mo', Hit's Ceeze, Unc' Ike! Please don' hit me no mo'.' But de ole scamp, gittin' madder dan evah w'en he fin' out hit's me, kep' er peltin' me an' er sayin': 'Yes, yo' rasc'l, yo' done ruint my taters! Yo' ben singin' 'bout me. I'll big Ike you! I gwine little Ike you! I gwine Sukie Blueskin you!'"

"Bont dat time ole marse he come to'ds de quatches, an' he coteh Jack an' Tom des as dey was er gittin' ovah de fence."

"'Wats de mattah, Sukie?'"

"'Oh, marster, de debble's in de house, er ras'lin' wid Ike.'"

"Des den I to' loose, an' w'en I lit out'n de do' ole marse grab me."

"Dem ole critters den 'gin ter tell all so'ts er tales, an' dey 'cuse me er tryin' ter b'un de house down an' singin' bad songs, an' dey beg ole marse 'fo' ter buck me down 'cross er log an' gimme a' hundred."

"Ole marse lis'n, an' a'fer erwiles he 'gun ter snicker an' den ter laff, an' den we all slip off, an' ole marse ain' nevah said nuffin' 'bout buckin' down 'fom dat day twel dis. But Ann Sukie—um-m! Dat ole pusson had er spite 'gin me evah sence, an' de ve'y minit Unc' Ike lay eyes on me he 'gin ter hunt 'roun' 'fo' sumpin' ter ding at me. 'Peahs ter me dey ain' nevah goin' ter fo'git 'bout Ann Sukie's Sandy Claws.'—New York Evening Post.

Stylish Clothing

WE want to sell you a SUIT or OVERCOAT that is perfectly tailored. We want to give you a fit that is faultless, and that will show its quality all through its service.

Our HAT Department has been stocked with a carefully selected stock of the up-to-date styles and we can surely please you if you need anything in the hat line.

We have a largestock of Gents' Furnishings of all kinds, and our prices are always right, and quality the best.

SHOES—Every shrewd or economical purchaser can save money here. The excellence of our shoes, and the lowness of our prices, makes a combination for people who are shoe hungry.

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We have a most handsome line of Ladies Furs. We have an assortment that will satisfy any sized pocketbook, and ladies we invite you to come in and see our stock. The prices will sell these goods very rapidly.

We handle Union made goods.

Jasper Harris,

The People's Popular Clothier.

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Indigestion is often caused by over-eating. An eminent authority says the harm done thus exceeds that from the excessive use of alcohol. Eat all the good food you want, but don't overload the stomach. A weak stomach may refuse to digest what you eat. Then you need a good digestant like Kodol, which digests your food without the stomach's aid. This rest and the wholesome tonics Kodol contains soon restore health. Dieting unnecessary. Kodol quickly relieves the feeling of fullness and bloating from which some people suffer after meals. Absolutely cures indigestion.

Kodol Nature's Tonic.

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 81. bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

R. C. Dodson, Emporium, Pa.

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For Sale in Emporium, by R. C. Dodson.—121

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ORDER IS UNJUST.

Pennsylvania's Governor Wants Quarantine Raised.

Foot and Mouth Disease, He Says, Is Confined to Small Area Around Boston—England Is Willing to Remove Ban Against American Cattle.

Harrisburg, Pa., Dec. 6.—Gov. Stone has taken prompt action to raise the quarantine which has been ordered by Gov. Yates, of Illinois, against Pennsylvania cattle on account of the foot and mouth disease which exists among cattle in the New England states. Gov. Stone wrote a letter to Gov. Yates protesting against his action and advising him that there has been no such disease in this state since 1882, that there has been none in New York and there is none and has been none in New Jersey.

"To quarantine against Pennsylvania is to say, in effect," continues Gov. Stone, "that the cattle of Pennsylvania are diseased or suspected. There is no shadow of truth in the aspersion and it will seriously injure the export of cattle from all the states, as they nearly all pass through Pennsylvania en route to port for export."

"The effect of your order is to say that there is danger of foot and mouth disease infection in the states around and close to New York, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Your action may cause an unjustifiable scare that will injure the whole export trade in live animals in this country."

"The foot and mouth disease in the United States is confined to a territory within a radius of 100 miles from Boston. I hope that you will withdraw your quarantine order against those states not infected and against which the federal authorities find no reason to quarantine."

Albany, N. Y., Dec. 6.—State Superintendent of Agriculture Charles A. Wieding has notified all railroads doing business in this state that there is an outbreak of foot and mouth disease among the animals in New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut and orders them to cause all cars in which any animals have been transported since August 1, to be thoroughly disinfected before further use. Forty special inspectors will be on the state borders to enforce the order.

London, Dec. 6.—The board of agriculture has intimated its willingness to remove the embargo on cattle arriving from New England ports whenever the American department of agriculture considers that the outbreak is suppressed. The board last night issued an order enabling the landing of cattle under certain restrictions from the steamer Irishman, which has arrived at Liverpool from Boston; the steamers Kansas and Victorian, due at Liverpool from Boston, and the steamer Cambrian, due at London from Boston.

Meantime the importers here say that the quarantine has little effect on the American meat supply, since the bulk comes from the west and it is merely a question of shipping the cattle by way of New York instead of Boston.

BUSINESS ACTIVITY.

It Continues to Exceed that of Previous Years—Prices are Lower than a Year Ago.

New York, Dec. 6.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s Weekly Review of Trade says: Aside from the interruption to retail trade in winter goods at many points by unreasonable weather, business activity continues in excess of previous years, and it is probable that all the postponed trade will be made up now that low temperature has become general.

While the warmest November on record at the east affected sales of clothing, it helped to restore the fuel equilibrium. Manufacturing plants are well engaged, and an evidence of the successful season is found in much larger Fall River dividends.

The course of commodity prices is shown by Dun's index number, which was \$100.449 on December against \$99.579 on November 1, and \$101.378 on December 1, 1901. Higher prices for dairy and garden products account for the rise during November, but it is particularly gratifying to the consumer that the present level is nearly 1 per cent. lower than at the corresponding date last year. This change is also in foodstuffs, where the cost of living was abnormally expanded by short crops in 1901.

Irregularity is reported in the iron and steel market, most departments having much business, while a few are seeking new orders and seem disposed to make slight concessions. Stability is naturally most conspicuous in those divisions where it has been possible to prevent inflation.

Drew a 15-Year Sentence.

Philadelphia, Dec. 6.—George Dickinson, the burglar who was arrested about ten days ago after a desperate fight with a policeman and who was discovered by detectives to be a robber by night and a business man by day, was tried and convicted yesterday and sentenced to 15 years in the penitentiary. The police accused Dickinson of nearly 60 robberies, but could secure legal evidence in but 25 cases. It is said nearly \$10,000 worth of Dickinson's loot was recovered by the police.

Big Prices for Cattle.

Chicago, Dec. 6.—Shamrock, grand champion of the live stock exposition, was sold at auction yesterday for 56 cents a pound on the hoof to Richard Weaver, of New York City—six cents higher than last year's price. At Shamrock's weight of 1,805 pounds his selling price was \$1,010.80. The grand champion carload was sold to a Pittsburgh provision firm at 14 1/2 cents a pound. This carload consisted of 15 Angus steers, owned by C. Escher, of Vatra, Ia. The combined weight was 23,650 pounds, making a selling price of \$3,284.25.

OFF CAPE HATTERAS.

Schooner Wesley Oler Goes Down With All Hands—Other Disasters.

Hatteras, N. C., Dec. 6.—The observer of the weather bureau reports that the four-masted schooner Wesley M. Oler went ashore at Hatteras Inlet life saving station early Friday morning during the storm. She was pounding in the surf about a mile off shore until 8:20 a. m., when the foremast went over, carrying probably the last man. Almost immediately the vessel went to pieces. The life saving crew could do nothing to save the crew.

Norfolk, Va., Dec. 6.—Reports received at Norfolk are to the effect that none of the ill-fated schooner Wesley M. Oler's crew escaped. Only one chance of a rescue is known. The German steamer Koln, from Bremen to Baltimore, reported the crew of an abandoned schooner aboard while entering the capes yesterday.

The three-masted schooners William D. Hilton and Melville Phillips, with several smaller craft, were blown ashore in the harbor and lower bay by Friday morning's gale. The steamer Underwriter, which was towing the Oler from Nassau, has not been heard from and fears are entertained that she foundered in the gale. The crew of the schooner Ida Lawrence abandoned that vessel in a rudeness condition off Hatteras early Friday morning and were rescued with great difficulty by life savers.

Cape Henry, Va., Dec. 6.—Captain Gangreuter, of the German steamship Koln, bound from Bremen for Baltimore, signalled as the vessel passed this station:

"We have crew saved from abandoned W. H. T. D."

The signal letters are not recognized here.

A PENSION SYSTEM.

The Southern Pacific Establishes One for Railroad Employees.

San Francisco, Dec. 6.—President Harriman, of the Southern Pacific Railroad Co., has inaugurated a system of pensioning employees who have grown old in the service of the company and a circular has been issued outlining the plan. In general the plan is similar to the system of the Pennsylvania, Illinois Central and the Chicago & Northwestern roads. Employees who have attained the age of 70 years, and who have been in the service twenty years or more, are to receive pensions on the basis of 1 per cent. per annum of the average salary received for ten years previous to pensioning for each year of service.

Thus an employee whose pay has averaged \$1,000 a year for ten years prior to retirement, and who had been in the service of the company for 30 years, would receive a pension equal to 30 per cent. of \$1,000, or \$300 a year.

Between the ages of 61 and 70 years employees incapacitated for further work may be retired by a pension board, provided they shall have been in the service 20 years or more.

The employees make no contributions to the fund, pensions being paid by the company in full and without any condition, the employees being at liberty to engage in other business, after being pensioned, should they see fit.

DENNY CONVICTED.

A St. Louis Millionaire Is Found Guilty of Perjury.

St. Louis, Dec. 6.—After two days of trial, Charles J. Denny, the millionaire brewer and director in the Suburban Street Railway Co., formerly a member of the house of delegates, charged with perjury in connection with the Suburban bill boodle case, was found guilty yesterday and his punishment fixed at two years in the penitentiary. The only defense offered by Judge Krum, attorney for Denny, was testimony in behalf of the defendant's good character.

Judge Krum argued that while the defendant may have had information that \$75,000 had been placed on deposit in the Lincoln Trust Co., to be paid out for votes for the passage of the Suburban bill, he had no positive knowledge of it, and, therefore, did not commit perjury when he told the grand jury he had no such knowledge. Circuit Attorney Folk insisted that Denny did know absolutely that the money had been deposited for that purpose and, therefore, perjured himself before the grand jury.

Millions of Bacteria on Fruit.

Washington, Dec. 6.—Twelve million bacteria inhabit the skins of a half pound of cherries according to Dr. Ehrlich, a German scientist, who has made extensive experiments in regard to the infection of fruit with bacteria. Currants come next with 11,000,000 to every half pound and grapes next with 8,000,000. An account of these experiments has been transmitted to the state department by United States Consul Clerk Murphy at Frankfurt. Dr. Ehrlich urges that all fruit be cleaned before it is eaten.

Carrie Nation in Jail.

Topeka, Kan., Dec. 6.—Mrs. Carrie Nation is in jail on the charge of disturbing the peace. She was forcibly ejected from several drug stores and one of the most prominent hotels in the city yesterday. Some saloons let her walk in and, as she was closely watched, she attempted no smashing. Towards the last a hooting mob followed her, and druggists and "joints" slammed the door in her face.

Ramsey's Ultimatum.

Springfield, Ill., Dec. 6.—President Ramsey's final answer to the striking shopmen of the Wabash railroad, was posted Friday at the shops at Springfield, Mo., and Fort Wayne, Ind. It is in the form of an ultimatum; he reiterates his offer of an increase of wages, dating back to October 1. If the men go to work, he says he will not discriminate against any of the employees, by reason of their participating in the strike, but warns the strikers they must return to work at once on these terms, or give the place to other men.



Fibroid Tumors Cured.

A distressing case of Fibroid Tumor, which baffled the skill of Boston doctors. Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, Mass., in the following letter tells how she was cured, after everything else failed, by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Mrs. Hayes' First Letter Appealing to Mrs. Pinkham for Help:

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I have been under Boston doctors' treatment for a long time without any relief. They tell me I have a fibroid tumor. I cannot sit down without great pain, and the soreness extends up my spine. I have bearing-down pains both back and front. My abdomen is swollen, and I have had flowing spells for three years. My appetite is not good. I cannot walk or be on my feet for any length of time. The symptoms of Fibroid Tumor given in your little book accurately describe my case, so I write to you for advice."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Note the result of Mrs. Pinkham's advice—although she advised Mrs. Hayes, of Boston, to take her medicine—which she knew would help her—her letter contained a mass of additional instructions as to treatment, all of which helped to bring about the happy result.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—Sometime ago I wrote to you describing my symptoms and asked your advice. You replied, and I followed all your directions carefully, and to-day I am a well woman."

"The use of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound entirely expelled the tumor and strengthened my whole system. I can walk miles now."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is worth five dollars a drop. I advise all women who are afflicted with tumors or female trouble of any kind to give it a faithful trial."—(Signed) Mrs. E. F. HAYES, 252 Dudley St., (Roxbury) Boston, Mass.

Mountains of gold could not purchase such testimony—or take the place of the health and happiness which Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound brought to Mrs. Hayes.

Such testimony should be accepted by all women as convincing evidence that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound stands without a peer as a remedy for all the distressing ills of women; all ovarian troubles; tumors; inflammations; ulceration, falling and displacements of the womb; backache; irregular, suppressed or painful menstruation. Surely the volume and character of the testimonial letters we are daily printing in the newspapers can leave no room for doubt.

Mrs. Hayes at her above address will gladly answer any letters which sick women may write for fuller information about her illness. Her gratitude to Mrs. Pinkham and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is so genuine and heartfelt that she thinks no trouble is too great for her to take in return for her health and happiness.

Truly it is said that it is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound that is curing so many women, and no other medicine; don't forget this when some druggist wants to sell you something else.

\$5000 FORFEIT if we cannot forthwith produce the original letters and signatures of above testimonials, which will prove their absolute genuineness. Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

The YOUTH'S COMPANION

The Best Christmas Present for so Little Money—\$1.75.



Can you better invest \$1.75 for your entire family circle than in a subscription to the National Family Paper?

Christmas Present Coupon.

Cut Out this slip and send it at once with \$1.75 and name and address and you will receive:
GIFT 1. All the issues of The Companion from time subscription is received to the end of 1902, FREE, including the Beautiful Holiday Numbers.
GIFT 2. The Companion Calendar for 1903, lithographed in twelve colors and gold—a beautiful souvenir. Then The Youth's Companion for the 52 weeks of 1903—till January, 1904—all for \$1.75.
THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Mexican MUSTANG LINIMENT

IS THE BEST FOR

Cuts, Old Sores, and All Open Wounds

BLAIR'S DIGESTIVE TABLETS

Cure indigestion, flatulence, heartburn, etc. By quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. BLAIR'S SON, Box 41, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C

1946

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY; gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of testimonials and 10 Days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. BLAIR'S SON, Box 41, Atlanta, Ga.

A. N. K.—C

1946

Live Stock and ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by A. N. K. Blair's Son, Box 41, Atlanta, Ga.

Fall and Winter Announcement.

Our stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods is now complete. We have a nice line of heavy goods for jacket suits, and also several pieces of heavy goods for rainy-day skirts.

A full line of Ladies Wrappers for fall and winter in calico, percale and flannelette, sizes 32 to 44, from \$1.00 to \$1.85 each.

We have a large stock of white and colored fall wool blankets and the prices are very low for the grade of goods.

Our stock of mercerized satin under skirts is complete. These skirts are made of the best material that can be bought for the price, and are not a back number. They are going rapidly. Do not wait until they are nearly all gone before looking them over. Prices, \$1.00, \$1.35, \$2.00 and \$2.35. These prices are special for this lot.

Have just received a shipment of ladies belts. The latest in black and colors. Prices, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 each. Also a lot of new applique trimming in black and white.

While in our store ask to see the

Lansdown Waist Patterns.

Our custom made Clothing is giving the greatest satisfaction, as is attested by the increased business we are doing in this line. We guarantee the fit and can save you from 10 to 25% on your clothing.

C. B. HOWARD & COMPANY.

"PING-PONG."

The shades of night were falling fast
As to the dining-room there passed
A youthful pair, who gayly bore
A box, on which was this—more—
"Ping-pong."

They cleared the table with a swish,
From dolly down to butter-dish;
Then through the center stretched a net
And soon the ball the racket met—
"Ping-pong."

"Try not the game!" the housemaid cried.
"The dinner is ready now," she sighed,
"And I must put it on the board."
The young man turned and fiercely roared:
"Ping-pong."

The cook strode to the open door,
And cautioned them to cease once more,
"The roast," he urged, "is sure to burn."
The maiden gasped: "I'm bound to learn
Ping-pong."

The family lurked in the hall,
And moaned: "Are we to eat at all?"
But still they heard the ping and pong
That made the cadence of a song—
Ping-pong.

And back and forth they smote the sphere
Until the dawn of morning clear.
The father, mother, sister, too,
Wailed hungrily: "Alas! we rue
Ping-pong!"

One day the searchers, out of breath,
Found all these people starved to death;
The cook, the housemaid, beau and belle,
The family—and, sad to tell,
Above them pinged the pongful knell:
"Ping-pong!"
—Baltimore American.

A Knave of Conscience

By FRANCIS LYNDE.

(Copyright 1901, by Francis Lynde.)

CHAPTER XXXIV.—CONTINUED.

"You be damned," he said. "You think you've got a lead-pipe cinch on all the soft-heartedness in this world, but you haven't. I've thrown up this job—threw it up before I came here to-night."

Griswold staggered back into a chair and covered his face with his hands.

"I—I don't understand."

"Don't you? Well, you ought to. Reckon I've forgot the night when you stood in that door and kept them strikers from killing me? I haven't, and by — if I choose to be a man first and an officer of the law afterward, it's nobody's business but mine."

Griswold rose unsteadily, went across to the standing desk in the corner and leaned upon it with his face hidden in the bend of the arm. When he looked up again he was alone.

CHAPTER XXXV.

For a long time after the detective had gone Griswold paced the floor of the small office, trending out the wininess of humiliation and defeat, and trying, as a man may under such hard conditions, to decide upon a course of action which should be fair to all and decently fair for himself.

For a time it seemed impossible to draw any thread of sane procedure out of the revolutionary tangle in which Charlotte's confession had involved him. He told himself bitterly that she had failed him at the crucial moment; that she had stepped down from the pedestal of the ideal to become a woman of flesh and blood, loving, condoning and forgiving everything in the man to whom she had given her heart. But very quickly he was made to see the injustice of this; to see first that he had deliberately gone about to build a wall of personality around her judgment, and then, by his own confession of love, to apply a test too severe for any loving woman to withstand.

More than that, he saw that he had played the hypocrite with her even at the last moment. When he had gone to her, nothing had been farther from his thoughts than a confession of his guilt. The resolve to tell her all had come suddenly, and he had yielded to the impulse on the spur of the moment. None the less, he had let her believe that it was well considered; that he had determined beforehand upon the course he had outlined in the brief farewell.

Taking it all in all, he had an exceedingly bad half-hour after Griffin left him, and out of the fiery furnace of it emerged a man altogether different from the "hearted proletary who had robbed" you bank. He had stood alone against the world's condemnation in that act, and had thought it defensible from an impregnable position fortified by the rights of man. But now he was made to see the act and its culpability through the magnifying glass of another's personality. He had called it a social necessity, and no sin; and yet the direct consequences of it had been to destroy his ideal of uprightness to make a pure, God-fearing woman his accomplice after the fact.

While Griswold was thus fighting his way blindly out of the darkness into the light, the net in which he had enmeshed himself was cut at the point where it was the strongest. When Dr. Farnham returned from a visit to the iron works neighborhood he found his daughter waiting for him at the gate.

"Please don't get out," she said. "I want you to take me over to the hotel on the Point. Will you?"

The father cut the buggy and gave her a hand to climb up beside him.

"What's gone wrong, Lottie? Anything that I may know about?"

She shook her head. "Not now, poppa dear; but I must go."

She was silent and dry-eyed on the short drive; and when it was ended,

and the good doctor had waited a long half-hour for her at the hotel, he drove her home and was no wiser than he had been. She had had him go in with her to send her card to Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but beyond the fact that she had been closeted for a half-hour with the white-haired banker, the father knew nothing—nor did he seek to know, having perfect confidence in his daughter.

What took place in Andrew Galbraith's sitting-room at the summer hotel was never known to any save the two who were the actors in the little drama. But when Charlotte came out Andrew Galbraith accompanied her and put her into the buggy with her father. And she was crying a little, though not as those who weep without hope.

The old banker watched the buggy as it melted into the darkness of the driveway, and shook his head.

"There goes a woman that any man might be proud to give his name till," he said. "Now, if the young devil has half her courage—"

"A gentleman to see you, Mr. Galbraith," said the voice of the night clerk beside him. "I thought you were in your room, and I sent him there."

Griswold was standing, hat in hand, in the middle of the comfortable sitting room when the banker entered. "I beg your pardon," he began. "The clerk told me you were here, and I found the door open."

"Sit down," said the banker, not inhospitably, drawing up his own easy chair. But Griswold remained standing.

"No," he objected. "What I have to say may be said standing. Mr. Galbraith, did you ever see me before you came to Wahaska?"

The shrewd old face was unreadable by any, but if there was a certain glint of hardness in the eyes, it was tempered by the lines about the mouth.

"You were a beard when you were in New Orleans, Mr. Griswold," he said at length.

"Then you recognized me?"

"Not at first, you may be sure."

"I suppose not; otherwise I should be awaiting my trial in the parish prison."

"Is there any good reason why ye shouldn't be?" demanded the old man, with a rasp in his voice.

"None at all, though up to an hour ago I should not have admitted it."

"And what made ye change your mind, I'd like to ask?"

"A number of things, but chiefly this: I have come to know now that what I did that morning was wrong."

"Wrong!" shouted the banker. "Are ye clean daft, man? Was there ever any doubt about its being wrong?"

"Not from your point of view, perhaps; but if it had seemed wrong to me, I should not have done it."

"You're crazy, man; clean daft, I say."

"Put it in the past tense, if you please, Mr. Galbraith. I'm in my right mind now."

"And what cured ye, I'd like to know?"

"The fact that I found out an hour ago that I had made a good woman my accomplice after the fact. There can be no question about the sinfulness of that, so I am here to do what I may in the way of reparation."

"Go on," said Andrew Galbraith.

"First about the money—"

It was the canny soul of the old Scotchman that groaned.

"Ye lost it, ye loon; I know all about that. Go on with your reparations."

"How did you know I lost it?" queried Griswold, no little mystified.

"Never your mind what I know or how I know it. Go on, I say."

"But I didn't lose it; or rather, I lost it and found it again. Odd as it may seem to you, I have never regarded the money as my own. I have held it as a fund in trust for the good of my kind. Ninety-five thousand dollars are invested in the Wahaska iron works, and there are some three thousand dollars of undivided profits due on this investment. Here is a check payable to your order for my balance at the bank—\$3,940.57. The iron works stock can be sold at par to-morrow, if you like, and that, with the dividend and this balance, will make you whole again, with a small interest on the principal."

Andrew Galbraith heard him through, with grim satisfaction depicting itself on the shrewd old face.

"Ye're not so bad a financier," he said. "Now, what's to become of ye?"

"That remains for you to say. You may go and ring for the police, and I'll wait here till an officer comes; or if you don't care to be mixed up in it, I'll take the first train south and surrender myself in New Orleans."

"Is that all?"

"All but one thing. If you put the iron works on the market at once it will embarrass Mr. Raymer perhaps to the point of forcing him to the wall. I have no right to ask favors of you—"

The banker sprang up and began to tramp up and down in something a nearly approaching rage as he ever permitted himself.

"Why, ye callow young fule, what d'ye think I'm made of?" he exploded. "A few hours ago you and that brave bit of a lassie—God bless her—risked your two lives to save mine. D'ye think I'll be sending you to that leavin' death in the chain gang if ye were twenty times the crazy loon ye are?"

Griswold drew himself up. "You've got it to do, Mr. Galbraith. You must not compound a felony to save me."

"Compound your grandmither!" shouted the old man. "If you go and give yourself up in New Orleans, I'll go on the stand and swear I never set

eyes on ye before. Then ye'll have an old man's perjury on ye're soul to answer for. Na, na, lad; they call me a hard old skindint, but after a' I'm just human. You've turned face about, and it's not old Andrew Galbraith who'll be piling stones in your way. Go you right away down to the doctor's and tell that brave lassie of yours what's come of it a', and to-morrow we'll see about the money matters. Maybe I'll make up my mind to let sleeping dogs lie, and set ye up as my resident manager at your iron works. Go on, ye loon, before I turn ye out."

Griswold went toward the door, with his brain in a whirl, but when his hand was on the knob Andrew Galbraith stopped him.

"Hold on a minute, I forgot. There's a man here by the name of Griffin; he knows who you are, and he'll be nabbing you." Griswold smiled. "No, he won't. He has thrown up the job, as he will probably tell you to-morrow."

"Thrown it up? What for?"

Griswold hung his head. "I—I was lucky enough to save his life, too. I—"

"That'll do; ye've a mission that way, it seems. Now, then, be off with you."

Griswold left the room and hotel, walking as one in a dream. The dream lasted until he entered the gate of Lake Lodge and saw a flutter of white on the high veranda.

"What have you done, Kenneth?" she asked, when he would suffer her to speak.

"I have done what I could, dear, and it is nothing—less than nothing, in the way of reparation. Oh, Charlotte, you must be my conscience, if you take me. I am but a sorry knave, after all."

"A knave of conscience," she murmured; and he caught at the phrases.

"That shall be the name of the new book you are going to help me write," he said quickly, confirming it with a kiss.

And so indeed it was.

THE END.

GREAT CORK FORESTS.

Immense Tracts in Spain and Portugal Are Covered with the Evergreen Oak.

The cork forests of Spain cover an area of 620,000 square miles, producing the finest cork in the world. These forests exist in groups and cover wide belts of territory, those in the region of Catalonia and part of Barcelona being considered the first in importance.

Although the cork forests of Estremadura and Andalusia yield cork of a much quicker growth and possessing some excellent qualities its consistency is less rigid, and on this account it does not enjoy the high reputation which the cork of Catalonia does, says the Boston Herald.

In Spain and Portugal, where the cork tree, or Quercus suber, is indigenous, it attains to a height varying from 35 to 60 feet and the trunk to a diameter of 30 to 36 inches. This species of the evergreen oak is often heavily caparisoned with wide-spreading branches, clothed with ovate oblong evergreen leaves, downy underneath and the leaves slightly serrated. Annually, between April and May, it produces a flower of a yellowish color, succeeded by the acorns. Over 30,000 square miles in Portugal are devoted to the cultivation of cork trees, though the tree virtually abounds in every part of the country.

The methods in vogue in barking and harvesting the cork in Spain and Portugal are virtually the same. The barking operation is effected when the tree has acquired sufficient strength to withstand the rough handling it receives during this operation, which takes place when it has attained the fifteenth year of its growth. After the first stripping the tree is left in this juvenescent state to regenerate, subsequent strippings being effected at intervals of not less than three years, and under this process the tree will continue to thrive and bear for upward of 150 years.

No Satisfaction in That.

"Yes," he explained, "she is very angry with him."

"Why?" she asked.

"Oh, he caught her dozing in the hammock and kissed her."

"While she was asleep?"

"Yes."

"And didn't know what was happening?"

"Yes."

"How inconsiderate. I should think she would be angry."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Almost Ready.

"Well, Hetty," said Uncle Bill, "I reckon you have written your graduating essay and are about ready to say good-by to school."

"I am almost ready, Uncle William," replied Harryette. "I have selected the material for my graduating dress, and as soon as I can decide whether to carry a bouquet in my hand or wear it in my corsage I shall give some attention to other trifles of the occasion."

—Judge.

Real Unkind of Her.

Miss Frankleigh—Why, you are limping, Mr. Upstart! What is the trouble?

Mr. Upstart—My feet are swelled from some unknown cause.

"You are always going in for extremes. Now, it is your feet—but usually it's your head."—Chicago Daily News.

A Definition.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is executive ability?

Mr. Callipers—Executive ability, my son, is the capacity for making some one else paddle your own canoe for you.—Judge.

WONDERFUL WORK.

Case No. 18,977.—David M. Bye, P. O. Address Box 297, Midland, Mich., says: "Three months I was almost incapacitated from labor; could not sleep at night; had to walk the floor, owing to terrible pain in the hips, in the small of the back, in my instep and ankle of the right leg."

"I was treated for sciatic rheumatism in the hospital, but received no benefit. One month ago I returned home and was given a box of Doan's Kidney Pills. To-day residents of this city can bear witness to the fact that I am able to work, and can also walk to my work without the aid of a walking-stick or crutch."

"In speaking of the immediate effect of Doan's Kidney Pills, I did not find them to deaden the pain, but quickly and surely to eradicate the cause of it."

"I am of the opinion that Doan's Kidney Pills is the best remedy for kidney ailments that can be procured. I was especially careful in my diet, in order to give the treatment fair play."

"In conclusion, I shall be pleased, at any time, to answer any inquiries regarding my case, from anyone desirous of obtaining it."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mr. Bye will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists, price 50 cents per box.

Only Death Is Sure.

"Dolly," said the sick Mr. Hyroller to his little daughter, "has it occurred to you that papa might die and go to heaven?"

"No," replied the child, "because I asked the doctor that very question."

"And what did he say?"

"He said: 'I don't think he will, although, of course, he may have to die some day.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Old Ones.

Quads—Funnyman tried writing his jokes on the typewriter, but had to go back to his fountain pen.

Space—What was the matter with the typewriter?

"The bell rang too often."—Manila American.

London used during last year 208,000,000 gallons of water a day.

He only is a well-made man who has a good determination.—Emerson.

Silence may be golden, but the golden eagle talks.—Chicago Daily News.

Kindness is a language the dumb can speak and the deaf can hear and understand.—Bovee.

A little inside information sometimes makes a man content to stay outside.—Indianapolis News.

He who has no inclination to learn more will be very apt to think that he knows enough.—Powell.

Justice is the insurance we have on our lives and property, and obedience is the premium we pay for it.—Penn.

In the Conservatory.—He—"There is something, darling, I want to tell you." She—"Oh, then, let us get away from the rubber plant. Come, tell me under the rose."—Baltimore American.

"Don't worry about money, darling, when we are married. We can live on the proverbial 'bread, cheese and kisses.'"

"I know, Archibald; but who is going to furnish the bread and cheese?"—Baltimore Herald.

Bland—"I didn't get Mrs. Barnes' husband's vote, after all, although I nattered her baby, and told her he was the perfect image of Mr. Barnes." Bowers—"You never have seen Barnes, have you?"

Bland—"Come to think of it, I never have."—Boston Transcript.

"I think," remarked the man who had recently won \$1,700 at the races before he woke up, "that I'll play two dollars each way on this horse."

"That's so if he turns and goes in the opposite direction around the track, you win just the same, isn't it?"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children

Bears The Signature Of

Chas. H. Fletcher
Over Thirty Years
The Kind You Have Always Bought

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 MURRAY STREET, NEW YORK CITY.

Hamlin's WIZARD OIL

CURES ALL PAIN, SORENESS, SWELLING AND INFLAMMATION FROM ANY CAUSE WHATSOEVER. 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

SORE THROAT—One Bottle Relieved.
Wm. F. Hayes of Augusta, Ga., writes that he arrived home one night about 10 o'clock and found his wife dangerously ill from sore throat, and that she almost choked to death on being awakened. He requested his daughter to rub her mother's neck and chest with Wizard Oil, while he hastened for the doctor. "On my return," says Mr. Hayes, "I found my wife sitting up and as well as ever. She has never had any trouble of this kind since and I really believe Wizard Oil saved her life. I would advise everyone to keep it in his home."

SO PRESUMING OF HIM.

With Only \$75,000 a Year He Had No Reason to Expect That He Had a Chance.

The yellow moon hung by its crescent hook against the starlit azure of the September sky, and the night was dreamy, delicious, divine, says the New York Herald.

The man and the maiden walked beneath the silent stars and listened to the purple music from the dusk. Her jeweled fingers rested lightly on his arm, and he felt them there as trembling harp-strings feel the touch of angel hands that summon forth the soul's high harmonies. His heart beat fast and the red blood ran riot in his veins, for love had placed its chains on his lips and he had drunk his fill. He had not spoken, but he felt the spirit of the hope that makes man dare do anything and now this night of nights could see him conqueror of the maiden's heart.

"A penny for your thoughts," he whispered, bending low to look into her sweet, soft eyes.

"No more," she murmured, looking up at him, to let those blue eyes fall again.

He caught her hand in his and let his full heart flow.

"All I have in the world," he said, sublimely.

"Too little," she responded, with firmness.

And then he knew that some of his hated rivals had told her he had but \$75,000 a year income and no rich relatives.

He Got It.

The man with the cinnamon colored beard was observed standing at the counter and looking at the bottles on the shelves in some perplexity of mind.

"What is it?" said the druggist.

"Isn't there an organization of Methodist young people?" asked the man, "that's named after some place where John Wesley used to live?"

"You mean the Epworth league?"

"That's it!" exclaimed the customer, his brow clearing. "Give me five cents' worth of Epworth salts."—Chicago Tribune.

California.

The Passenger Department of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway has just issued a beautiful book of 60 pages, relating to California and the best route to the Pacific Coast. The book is artistically arranged, beautifully printed and fully illustrated—portraying the scenic beauties, hotel and transportation advantages, and delights of outdoor life in the favored climate of the Coast.

This publication is of special value to those interested in California or contemplating a trip to that State, and may be obtained on receipt of four cents in stamps, sent to W. B. Kniskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, Chicago, Ill.

A Kansas Editor Ruminates.

It is said that when a hungry Indian goes hunting he kills the first thing he sees, if it is only a crow. If he kills a duck, he drops the crow and if he kills a deer, he throws away the duck. Some girls are regular Indians, aren't they?—Lane New Leaf.

Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, as a blood purifier, strength and health restorer, and a specific for all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, leads all other similar medicines in its wonderful sales and marvelous confidence of the people, especially our vast German population. It is not a new and untried product, but was made and sold more than sixty years ago.

"No," said the bride-to-be, "I didn't accept Jack the first time he proposed."

"How could you?" replied Miss Wrywell. "Why not?" "You weren't there."—Pail adelpia Press.

Stops the Cough

and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25 cents.

Ethel—"Father, please give me a nickel." Father—"Don't you think you're too big to beg for a nickel?" Ethel—"Spose you give me a quarter, then."—Detroit Free Press.

Do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—J. F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Will you to Leave It Out.—"Sweet are the uses of adversity," quoted the philosophical friend. "Perhaps," admitted the prosaic man, "but I'm not hankering for that kind of sweetness."—Chicago Post.

All creameries use butter color. Why not do as they do—use June Tint Butter Color.

More people might wake up to find themselves famous if they wouldn't sit so late at night.—Indianapolis News.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.



Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by St. James' Ointment of RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using St. James' Ointment. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN

ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine Carter's Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood
See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.
FOR HEADACHE. FOR DIZZINESS. FOR BILIOUSNESS. FOR TORPID LIVER. FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION.
GENTLEST MUST NOT BE FORGOTTEN

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

Of the Emporium School District for the Year Ending June 4, 1902.

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Fund.

Cash on hand at last audit	438 84
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1898	51 70
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1900	432 38
From C. H. Jessop, Coll. tax of 1901	2692 86
From State appropriation	2,165 47
From Sundry for tuition	93 00
From C. P. Bastian for books	75
From loan from First National Bank of Emporium \$300.00—less discount \$10.	294 90

Total receipts \$6,230 88

EXPENDITURES.	4,392 76
Paid for Teachers salaries and Institute	1,045 53
Paid for books, stationery and printing	28 32
Paid for freight, drayage, etc.	35 00
Paid for Commencement expenses	25 00
Paid F. P. Rentz, salary as treasurer	25 00
Paid N. J. Barner, salary as Sec'y	25 00
Paid First Nat. Bank on note	100 00
Paid First Nat. Bank dis't on renewal	3 40
Paid First Nat. Bank bal. on note	200 00

Total expenditures \$5,856 01

Cash in hands of treasurer 374 87

Total assets \$6,230 88

ASSETS.

Cash in hands of treasurer 374 87

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. 1901 tax 753 25

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. 1901 tax 1,161 70

LIA. BILITIES.

Outstanding order No. 165 35 00

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Building Fund.

RECEIPTS.

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1900 tax 57 82

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1901 tax 385 77

From Shippen township for seats 5 00

Total receipts \$448 59

EXPENDITURES.

Paid for Janitors services 495 00

Paid for insurance 28 00

Paid for gas 302 40

Paid for sundry supplies and repairs 108 54

Paid for painting and repairing to C. A. Van Lew 148 00

Paid for State tax to C. H. Jessop 54 16

Total expenditures \$1,301 10

Due Treasurer F. P. Rentz last audit 1,834 55

Balance due Treasurer 2,487 06

ASSETS.

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. for 1900 tax \$21 02

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. for 1901 tax 133 11

Total assets \$154 13

LIA. BILITIES.

Balance due Treasurer \$2,487 06

F. P. RENTZ, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Fund.

RECEIPTS.

Cash in Treasury last audit \$1,281 78

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1898 tax 111 86

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1899 tax 125 03

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1900 tax 135 21

From C. H. Jessop, Coll. on 1901 tax 883 54

Total receipts \$2,644 02

EXPENDITURES.

Paid 22 coupons No. 16 on Bonds Nos. 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—\$250.

Paid 47 coupons on Bonds Nos. 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—\$250.

Paid coupons on Bonds Nos. 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100—\$250.

Total expenditures \$277 50

Cash in Treasury 2,366 52

Total assets \$2,644 02

ASSETS.

Cash in Treasury \$2,366 52

Due from C. H. Jessop, Coll. 1901 tax 335 88

Total assets \$2,702 40

LIA. BILITIES.

Following outstanding coupons:

Coupon No. 15, on Bond 51 \$2 50

Coupons No. 16 on Bonds Nos. 64, 72, 80, 88, 96, 104, 112, 120, 128, 136, 144, 152, 160, 168, 176, 184, 192, 200, 208, 216, 224, 232, 240, 248, 256, 264, 272, 280, 288, 296, 304, 312, 320, 328, 336, 344, 352, 360, 368, 376, 384, 392, 400, 408, 416, 424, 432, 440, 448, 456, 464, 472, 480, 488, 496, 504, 512, 520, 528, 536, 544, 552, 560, 568, 576, 584, 592, 600, 608, 616, 624, 632, 640, 648, 656, 664, 672, 680, 688, 696, 704, 712, 720, 728, 736, 744, 752, 760, 768, 776, 784, 792, 800, 808, 816, 824, 832, 840, 848, 856, 864, 872, 880, 888, 896, 904, 912, 920, 928, 936, 944, 952, 960, 968, 976, 984, 992, 1000—\$250.

Coupons No. 17 on Bonds Nos. 50, 51, 52, 53, 54 and 55.

Coupons, No. 18 on Bond Nos. 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 79, 81, 82, 83.

Outstanding Bonds 5,309 00

Total Liabilities \$5,309 00

We, the undersigned Auditors, of Emporium Borough, certify that we have examined and audited the accounts of F. P. Rentz, Treasurer, in account with Emporium Borough School Fund, Building Fund and Bond Fund, and found the same as stated above.

A. C. BLUM, Auditor.

E. D. WHITE, Auditor.

Emporium, Pa., Aug. 4, 1902.

LICENSE APPLICATIONS.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the following named persons have filed their petitions for Licenses, in my office, according to law, for the term of December Court, 1902.

HOTEL LICENSE.

Grove Township.

Geo. P. Shafer, Sinnermahoning House

O. L. Bailey, Enterprise House

Henry W. Martindale, Brooks Run Hotel

Driftwood.

A. M. McDonald, Curtin House

Sophia McVicker, Lafayette Hotel

Thos. J. Riley, Commercial Hotel

W. H. Mitchell, Mitchell House

Lumber Township.

Patrick Mahoney, Sterling House

Mary A. Furlong, Alpine House

Edward McFadden, New Cameron House

Lumber Township, Restaurant or Eating House License.

James B. Hayes, Cor. Main and Louise streets, Cameron, Pa.

Portage Township.

J. H. Evans, Sizer Springs Hotel

Emporium, East Ward, Hotel Licenses.

Peter Shoup, Cook House

John Costello, Eagle Hotel

Richard J. Loyd, Exchange Hotel

Samuel D. McDonald, Central House

Thos. J. Lysett, St. Charles Hotel

John L. Johnson, American Hotel

Middle Ward.

John Cummings, Cottage Hotel

H. R. Manett, Warner House

Dennis Donovan, Emporium House

Michael J. Dolan, City Hotel

Michael Murphy, Commercial Hotel

EMPORIUM, MIDDLE WARD, RESTAURANT LICENSES.

William McDonald, Novelty Restaurant

M. C. Tuill, Star Restaurant

WHOLESALE LICENSES.

Henry Kraft, Emporium

A. McDonald, Emporium

F. X. Blumle, Shippen Township

BOTTLEERS LICENSE.

Henry Kraft, Emporium

F. X. Blumle, Shippen

C. JAY GOODNOUGH, Clerk Q.-S.

COURT PROCLAMATION.—WHEREAS:—The Hon. CHAR. A. MAYER President Judge and the Hon. JAMES McDONALD and GEO. W. ALLEN, Associate Judges of Courts of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas for the county of Cameron have issued their precept bearing date the 1st day of Nov. A. D. 1902, and to be directed for holding Court of Oyer and Terminer, General Jail Delivery, Quarter Sessions of the Peace, Orphans' Court and Court of Common Pleas in the Borough of Emporium, Pa., on Monday, the 15th day of December, 1902, at 10 o'clock, a.m., and to continue one week.

Notice is hereby given to the Coroners, Justices of the Peace and Constables within the county, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock, a.m., of said day, with their rolls, records, inquisitions, examinations, and other remembrances, to do those things which to their offices appertain to be done. And those who are bound by their recognizance to prosecute against them as will be just.

Dated at Emporium, Pa., Nov. 24th, 1902, and in the 127th year of the Independence of the United States of America.

J. D. SWOPE, Sheriff.

Foley's Kidney Cure makes kidneys and bladder right.

PUEBLO INDIAN CHRISTMAS

An Admixture of Christianity and Tribal Customs

THE Pueblo Indians of New Mexico celebrate Christmas in their primitive way, and, although they profess Christianity, they also observe their religious as well as their tribal customs, says the New York Evening Post. On Christmas eve the inhabitants of each village assemble at the estufa (place of worship) and elect officers for the ensuing year. Men and boys over sixteen years of age, if the latter have proved their worthiness in the chase, select the candidates by a viva voce vote. Women are not permitted in the estufa. The officers elected are a governor of the village, war chief, police official and a council of five members as a kind of cabinet for the government. The governor, by the advice and consent of his cabinet, sets the time for the chase, when the entire village turns out; also designates the time to irrigate the little patches, the time to go to work and is ex officio administrator of justice. The war chief directs the pasturing of stock and prevents depredations upon private property. He is the chief of police, constable, judge and jury combined. Only serious cases of crime are referred to the governor and council.

After the election of officers a grand dance takes place. The braves are dressed in buckskin pantaloons, with a white cotton shirt. The headdress is of the skin of the deer or fox, the tail of the animal hanging down the back as an ornament. Some of the headdresses of the officials are prettily decorated with bright feathers and sometimes eagle plumes. Their faces are painted in yellow and white stripes, relieved by red spots on the cheeks. They wear moccasins of leather. The braves form in a double line and march around the village, preceded by the officers and the cacique, or spiritual head. Each brave carries in his left hand a gourd half filled with pebbles and nicked at the top. In his right hand is a convex stick, which he saws across the gourd and at the same time gives the gourd a shake or rattle. This excruciating noise is partly drowned by the general chant, in which all join. The song is a monotone, as if the singer were telling a story or reciting historical sketches, and suddenly it breaks out into a wild and loud blare, like the crash of the elements of discord in the grand opera of civilization.

The dance is a hip-hop, and the movement is slow until one of these breaks is sounded, and then it is delirious, like a war dance. This exercise continues all night, or as long as the braves can stand up. There is a considerable quantity of mescal drunk at these celebrations, and many of the braves fall by the wayside. The pale-faces from the surrounding settlements attend the fiesta, and some bring along their whisky and gaming implements. In the plaza, or central square, there are all kinds of games and booths for all kinds of drinks. The Pueblo Indian is not used to our whisky, and a very little soon induces him to gamble away his money, clothes and wife.

Isleta, a few miles from Albuquerque, N. M., is the largest of the twenty Pueblo villages in the territory, and the celebration here is always attended by a large crowd of whites. It lasts two or three days, during which there are horse racing, cocking mains and other sports. The gaming tables are run night and day. One of the games is chusa, similar to the American roulette, with a hidden spring which the dealer touches. Another sport is el gallo—the burying of a rooster in the sand, leaving his head above the surface. The best riders in the village are selected to compete. They form in a front line at a distance of 100 yards, and charge down upon the rooster. The rider, going at full run, leans from his saddle and grabs at the head of the rooster. If he catches the fowl, he is applauded as the victor. He then races for his home, with all the other horsemen after him, with the intention of depriving him of his trophy. If they take the fowl from him before he reaches home, he is shorn of his laurels, and in the scramble the unfortunate rooster is often torn to pieces. When a rider misses catching the rooster's head, every one laughs, and if he falls from his horse he is greeted with shouts of derision and epithets of "squaw man."

There are services in the church each morning during the fiesta, with the usual game and sports in the afternoon and dancing at night. The services are Roman Catholic—all Pueblos being members of that church. They, however, observe some of their own rights in secret—the dance being part of their creed worship.

Christmas in Jerusalem.

Christmas is held in greatest reverence by the Christians of the east, and nowhere is its observance more solemn and imposing than in Bethlehem, the picturesque old town where Christ was born. On Christmas eve the devout of Jerusalem gather together and flock out of the city and march to the Church of the Nativity in Bethlehem, the oldest monument of Christian architecture in the world. There mass is celebrated, while armed Turkish soldiers stand on guard beside the altar and around the brilliant star, where Christ is supposed to have lain in the manger and which gleams up from the pavement, the most conspicuous object in the grotto.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

CHRISTMAS IN JAMAICA.

A Tropical Celebration With Santa Claus Left Out.

The white people of Jamaica celebrate Christmas in spirit rather than in active observance. Of course Santa Claus is unknown here, for what would Kris Kringle do in his fur raiment and with his reindeers in a land where few indeed of the people know what snow is and fewer still ever saw it. Outdoor sport is out of the question, and even lawn tennis cannot be substituted for the skating and tobogganing of the north. The white people sit or swing in hammocks under the cool shade of the palm trees and look with curious interest over the holiday numbers of English and American magazines, with their strange pictures of snow scenes, and read the stories of Christmaseide in the land of Kris Kringle and Jack Frost. After sundown there are social gatherings, at which the guests sit out on the verandas, eat ice cream, fan themselves and while away the evening with conversation and in that "sweet doing nothing" way that is such a feature of life in the tropics. Very many of the white people of Jamaica were born in the island and so know nothing of the Christmas customs of the north. But there are also quite a number of Americans and Britishers here, and these try various ways to get up a semblance of Christmas, but it is like the crew of a polar expedition celebrating Fourth of July while ice-bound in the Arctic circle, and their Christmas is mostly one of reminiscence. Still wintering in the tropics is not without its compensating advantages, and although Christmas here is apt to be a pretty lonesome time to Americans, they are very apt to find cause for congratulation after the festive season is over in the fact that they are safe from the cold, the snow, the slush and the blizzards of the north.

YULETIDE IN AUSTRIA.

Customs and Legends of the Non-German Population.

Yuletide as kept by the non-German population of Austria is very picturesque. On Christmas day the Poles in Galicia first attend mass and then sit down to family supper. The chief dish on the table contains consecrated eggs, which the father distributes. After eating, all eyes are closed and all heads bowed down to the table in the belief that Jacob's ladder is then descending from heaven to earth and down the ladder angels are coming to bless the worshippers and to carry away their earthly troubles to heaven. Among the Czechs the legend runs that he who most strictly fasts on Christmas eve will see the holy Christ in his dreams that night. In the evening the real celebration begins. All lights are then extinguished in the house; no fire, no light is visible. The children crowd together in fear and remain perfectly silent, as otherwise they know they will receive none of the presents brought by the Christ Child and laid at the entrance of the house. The older females amuse themselves by throwing heated lead into water and gathering from the forms it assumes some hint as to the appearance of their future husbands.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

CHRISTMAS MENUS

THE housewife will find no better suggestions for the Christmas spread than are contained in the following. The menus have a Christmas flavor and are cosmopolitan in their makeup. They are planned for ten or more people, but for a small family the fish course and some of the vegetables and sweets could be omitted:

MENU NO. 1.
Oyster Cocktails.
Julienne Soup.
Olives, Celery, Salted Almonds.
Broiled Smelts, Tartar Sauce.
Parisienne Potatoes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Truffles.
Oyster Brochettes.
Spinach, Macaroni Croquettes.
Lettuce Salad.
Plum Pudding, Glace, Mince Tarts.
Small Cakes, Bonbons, Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU NO. 2.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Clear Tomato Soup.
Celery, Olives, Salted Pecans.
Boiled Rock, Egg Sauce.
Potato Cakes.
Roast Turkey, Stuffed with Chestnuts.
Cranberry Jelly, Gilet Sauce.
Brussels Sprouts.
Sweet Potato Croquettes.
Grape Fruit Salad.
Crackers, Cheese.
English Plum Pudding.
Frozen Fruit Cup.
Bonbons, Cakes, Nuts.
Coffee.

MENU NO. 3.
Oysters on the Half Shell.
Consomme.
Radishes, Salted Filberts.
Halibut Cakes on Toast, Lemon Sauce.
Roast Goose, Savory Stuffing.
Giblet Gravy, Jellyed Apples.
Hashed Browned Potatoes.
Lemon Ginger Sherbet.
Crackers, Cheese.
Plum Pudding, Rum Sauce.
Fruits, Nuts, Bonbons.
Coffee.

AM of these dinners are easily prepared. The soups are light and simple, but must be perfectly seasoned and perfectly free from grease. Nearly every one now prefers the Christmas turkey stuffed with truffles or chestnuts and has a favorite recipe for this delicacy, so it is unnecessary to say anything on this subject. If this noble bird is to appear on the table, put a double row of nut meats down his breast, to button up his brown coat in true military fashion, and let him rest on a bed of celery and parsley leaves. The Christmas goose, celebrated in song and story, is not very well known on this side of the water. The turkey tired palate will welcome the appearance of the goose, cooked by this recipe, on the board.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Yuletide Rhymes and Jingles

Johnnie Has a Head For Business.
"Johnnie, what do you want me to buy you for Christmas?"
"How much money have you got?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unpoetic.

"Christmas is in the air," said Mrs. Fosdick, looking out of the window.
"Oh, that's mostly soot you see," her husband explained.—Detroit Free Press.

His One Request.

"Mamma—Now, what would you like best for a Christmas present?"
Willie—Oh, I'd like to see the school-house burn down! May 1?—Philadelphia Press.

Undoubtedly.

"I wish you a happy and prosperous new year," said the soubrette.
"Thank you," replied the contortionist, "I am reasonably sure of making both ends meet."

Sudden and Surprising.

"What do you most desire for Christmas, Miss Mabel?"
"Oh, George, this is so sudden!"
"Wh—what do you mean?"
"Why, of course, I want you!"

Not Through Yet.

"What kind of a Christmas did you pass?" asked the friend.
"The same as usual," answered Mr. Bliggins sourly. "Twenty minutes of turkey and mince pie, and six weeks of pepsin."—Washington Star.

One Who Knew.

Mr. Oompah (Christmas eve)—Maria, I have forgotten where I put Ben's present.

Mrs. Oompah (calling out)—Benny, come and tell your father where he hid that drum he's going to give you.—Chicago Tribune.

A Matter of Principle.

"Is you all gwine to hang up any mistletoe dis Christmas?" asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.
"Deed I isn't," answered Mrs. Miami Brown. "I've got a little too much pride to advertise foh de ordinary courtesies dat a lady has a right to expect."

Couldn't Give Herself Away.

Charley Easynan—Well, Willie, your sister has given herself to me for a Christmas present. What do you think of that?

Willie—Huh! That's what she done for Mr. Brown last Christmas, and he gave her back to herself before Easter.

Christmas Causerie.

There is a Christmas tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to bankruptcy.

A young man will "hang up" more than his stocking if he buys his best girl a present.

The tall man will be short after Christmas.

A man is thankful for small favors; but No. 12 slippers do not come under that head.

It will not be necessary to tell the neighbors that you gave your son a drum.—Truth.

That Bad Teddy Brown.

The wurstest boy I ever see
Is jes' that Teddy Brown;
He's jes' as bad as he can be,
For one day he came down
To visit me while an' play
An' said our pas an' mas
Jes' give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santa Claus.

I hain't go'n' play with Teddy Brown;
I'd like to well as not,
But he says Santa can't come down
A chimbley like we got,
An' he says how would his sleigh go
Last Christmas time, because
There wasn't then a speck of snow?
So th' ain't no Santa Claus.

He's jes' the wurstest boy I guess
That ever was, an' I
Hain't go'n' to play with him, but jes'
Go on an' pass him by.
Sod you ef you could hear him say
That jes' our pas an' mas
Will give us things on Christmas day,
An' th' ain't no Santa Claus.
—Margaret Vincent in Womankind.

Modern Santa Claus.



'Twas the night before Christmas;
In each little house
The children were waiting
As still as a mouse
To hear the puff puff
And the plish, chugg and squeal
Of good old St. Nicholas'
Automobile!
—New York Herald.

Adam,
Meldrum &
Anderson Co.
BUFFALO, N. Y.

396-408 Main Street,

GRAND OPENING

Holiday Goods

From now on the great store will have more than its usual interest to our out of town patrons. Every department has taken on a holiday appearance, and all the new and beautiful gifts have been brought out for your inspection.

Toys and Dolls.

There's a world of toys and dolls for the little ones. We have a lot of 350 imported sample dolls, no two alike, and ranging in price from 25c to \$25.00.

EMPORIUM MILLING COMPANY.

PRICE LIST.

Emporium, Pa., Nov. 5, 1902.	
NEMOPHILA, per sack.....	\$1 15
Graham.....	60
Rye.....	60
Rock wheat.....	75
Patent Meal.....	50
Coarse Meal, per 100.....	1 50
Chop Feed.....	1 50
Middlings, Fancy.....	1 50
Bran.....	1 15
Corn, per bushel.....	84
White Oats, per bushel.....	48
Choice Clover Seed.....	
Choice Timothy Seed.....	
Choice Millet Seed.....	
Fancy Kentucky Blue Grass.....	

At Market Prices.

R. C. DODSON,

—THE—

Druggist,

EMPORIUM, PA.

IS LOCATED IN THE CORNER STORE.
At Fourth and Chestnut Sts..

R. C. DODSON.

Telephone, 19-2.

LOCAL DEPARTMENT.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

Contributions invited. That which you would like to see in this department, let us know by postal card or letter, personally.

J. F. Parsons visited in Port Allegany last week.

John Burnett is in Buffalo undergoing treatment for his eyes.

Mrs. W. C. Clarke is confined to her bed, under Dr. Bardwell's care.

Mrs. E. C. Davidson and daughter, Miss Mary, are visiting at Chambersburg.

Mr. Fred Julian is transacting business in Buffalo and New York this week.

A. W. Mason, County Commissioner-elect, was a business caller at PRESS office on Tuesday.

The members of Theodore Hackett's family, who have been ill with typhoid fever, are now convalescent.

Miss Maud Thomas has returned from a delightful visit to Philadelphia, having been absent two weeks.

J. B. Bedard and family, of St. Marys, visited in Emporium over Sunday, guests of J. L. Fobert and family.

D. L. Marsh and daughter, Nellie E., of Mason Hill, visited in town last Friday. Miss Nellie remained in town for the Jubilee Singers.

Ralph C. Davison came down from St. Marys on Sunday and visited with his mother and sister before they departed for the south on a visit.

B. G. Bartle and Gregg Bailey came over from Port Allegany on Saturday and called on friends. Mr. Bailey is visiting his parents in Gibson township, this county.

O. L. Bailey, of Sinnamahoning, while transacting business in Emporium on Monday took time to call on the PRESS. Mr. Bailey, who is proprietor of Mountain Hotel, is doing a flourishing business in that busy town.

J. Vine Hanscom, A. De Shetler and Frank Burke, of Grove, called on their Emporium friends on Monday and Tuesday. While in town the gentlemen called at the PRESS office long enough for Mr. De Shetler to renew his subscription.

W. M. Lawler, of Richmond West Va., visited in Emporium Tuesday afternoon, on his return from a business trip to New York. While in town Mr. Lawler called at the PRESS office and expressed himself well pleased with the South. He left on Erie mail for his home.

Mrs. T. F. Moore, and daughter Caroline, have returned from visiting at Mr. Moore's lumber camp.

John E. Smith, accompanied by his son Grover C., were PRESS business visitors yesterday.

Joseph Shaffer, a nitro-glycerine shooter, employed by Pennsylvania Torpedo Co., was blown to atoms at State Line on Tuesday. A hole in the ground was all that was found.

Closed for Season.

C. B. Howard Company's mill, No. 1, at this place closed for the season last Saturday night, at mid-night after a very successful season's cut. The new hardwood mill will run all winter, giving employment to a large force of men.

BRIEF MENTION.

Big improvements of electric light plant.

Smoke "Spanish Arms," the best ten cent cigar in the market.

Useful Xmas presents at N. Seger's Hats, Ties, Silk Handkerchiefs, etc.

A. W. Mason advertises for forty teams to draw logs on Sterling Run.

Plenty of snow and lumbermen, who have logs to haul, are hustling around for teams.

Clark & Howard have purchased a new Schomacker piano for the opera house.

Mr. Brady this week received a locomotive to be used from the coal mines on Canoe Run.

The mothers meeting is postponed until Friday afternoon, Jan. 9th at 3:30 o'clock. At the request of the officers.

All Smokers smoke the "W. H. Mayer" hand made cigar, the best five cent cigar on the market. Be sure you ask for it.

A full line of smokers goods at John Cruice's. A large line of mereschau and briar pipes, together with all the popular brands of tobacco.

A good overcoat will make a desirable present for husband, son or brother. N. Seger has them—all styles, shapes and prices.

FOR SALE.—A small lot, with building, corner of Sixth and Cherry. For terms apply to.

Mrs. J. G. BRYAN.

While passing your evenings at home with your loved ones, you will feel like smoking a good cigar. Try John Cruice's "Cyclone"—only \$2.00 for fifty.

The C. S. C., desire to thank the borough council for the use of the City Hall Nov. 27th, and also the Mountaineer Hose Co., for the use of their parlor.

SHAW'S PURE MALT.—Its value in sickness has been tried and proved. In the home it is not safe to be without it. Absolutely pure.

Sold By

36-47-ly

F. X. BLUMLE.

The Schomacker piano, used at the Court House, has been purchased and will remain there for the benefit of the Teacher's Institutes and other entertainments. We understand it is a gift to the county.

N. Seger's old reliable clothing house—who in this section of the state does not know N. Seger—is very replete with winter clothing and his large line of goods, suitable for holiday presents are attracting the attention of the public. Don't wait until the last minute before calling for Xmas presents. Go early.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will hold a bread and cake sale, Saturday afternoon and evening, of this week Dec. 13th, in the room opposite Mr. R. C. Dodson's drug store. Persons wishing homemade delicacies, can leave their order with Mrs. Grant Allen, Mr. John Day's store, or with Mrs. Chas. Felt.

Baptist Church Notes.

Preaching morning and evening by the pastor. Morning subject, "Search the Scriptures;" evening topic, "The Devil's Diamond Cutter." Bible school at the close of morning worship, C. E. Crandell, Supt. Y. P. S. C. E., 6 p. m., B. Olmsted, President. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening 7:30. All welcome.

We have no bell to ring.
To tell the people to bring.
Their friends and relations at seven;
But they need no sound,
For the word goes round.
That a practical talk will be given.
We invite you and your friend,
To be sure and attend,
Next Sunday evening meeting;
For the choir will sing,
And all voices will ring,
And you'll receive a warm greeting.

Lots for Sale.

I have some desirable building lots for sale at a bargain.
30-3f.
C. J. GOODNOUGH.

Plenty of Fun.

The Young People of the Junior Endeavor Society, of the Presbyterian church, will hold a Lunch Box Party at the City Hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 11th. A fine program has been arranged for both Musical and Literary. Come everybody, come. The ladies are requested to bring a lunch prepared for two, with her name enclosed. These boxes are sold at auction and the proceeds to be applied towards the new church.

Mrs. V. S. BURNELL, Supt.

A Big Lumber Job.

The DuBois Couriers says John E. DuBois owns two hundred million of timber on Hicks Run, some 36 miles from DuBois. After mature consideration he has decided to bring all this timber to his big saw mill at DuBois for manufacture. To do this he must build fifteen miles of railroad track to reach the Low Grade road near Dens's Run station, from which point he will run his log trains over the Pennsylvania line to DuBois. This will be the longest haul of saw logs yet made in this section of Pennsylvania. The logs and bark will be loaded in the woods and be run to DuBois without any charge. It is estimated that ten years will be consumed in cutting and manufacturing.

Cameron.

Pretty cold weather.

Winter is coming, and Christmas is not far off.

Fred Comley has just recovered from a severe sickness.

The blacksmith shop is receiving some repairs.

Ed McFadden had business at St. Marys Tuesday.

Jim Leonard visited the county seat Tuesday.

E. H. Osborne, of Erie, was in town Tuesday.

The meat market is doing a rushing business.

Mrs. M. L. McConnell, of Ridgway, is visiting Warren McConnell and family at this place.

Ed. Lininger visited his brother, Walter Lininger and wife, at Ridgway over Sunday.

"Cy" Lupo is fixing up the old home-stead, about a mile below town, and expects to move into it in a short time.

The new mill was fired up Tuesday for the first time. How natural it seemed to see the smoke roll from the stack. It won't be long until it will be making saw-dust.

The Liars Club met in Brother Comley's chicken coop Saturday evening. Chairman Goodman being absent Bob Shreve filled the chair with Dannie Sullivan Sec'y. The club donated Bro. Comley two cents for keeping his coop in good order. Bert Skiver's name was read for membership and declared elected. Bert Georgia was fined three cents for spitting on the floor. John McFadden stated before the club that the club should give a ball and supper some night for the benefit of a new chair for our chairman, instead of his sitting on the roost with the chickens. Brother Osborne stated that the club could have the use of his coop any night for a dance free of charge, but the club must stand good for all chickens that are missing, the club agreed to do, the supper to take place in the blacksmith shop, of which each member must furnish a chicken, and the Club to donate a keg. No other member had anything to say so the club adjourned to meet in John Clark's chicken coop next meeting night. Briggs.

Foils a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cure constipation, sick headache. 25c at L. Taggart's drug store.

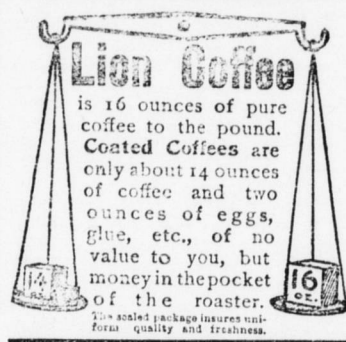
He who does not when he can do cannot when he will.

Better Than a Plaster.

A piece of flannel dampened by Chamberlain's Pain Balm and bound on the affected parts, is better than a plaster for a lame back and for pains in the side of chest. Pain Balm has no superior as a liniment for the relief of deep seated, muscular and rheumatic pains. For sale by L. Taggart.

One-way Colonist Tickets.

On the first and third Tuesday of each month until April 30, 1903, one-way second class Colonist tickets will be sold by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway from Chicago to points in South Dakota, North Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Eastern Colorado, Texas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory and Southwestern Missouri, at about one-half regular rates. 37-2t-No.-2t-Dec.



Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsom, of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of Indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at L. Taggart's drug store.

Every man has his limit and some men have two or three.

A glass or two of water half an hour before breakfast will usually keep the bowels regular. Harsh cathartics should be avoided. When a purgative is needed, take Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. They are mild and gentle in their action. For sale by L. Taggart.

This is the season of the year when the prudent and careful housewife replenishes her supply of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is certain to be needful before the winter is over, and results are much more prompt and satisfactory when it is kept at hand and given as soon as the cold is contracted and before it has become settled in the system. In almost every instance a severe cold may be ward off by taking this remedy freely as soon as the first indication of the cold appears. There is no danger in giving it to children for it contains no harmful substance. It is pleasant to take—both adults and children like it. Buy it and you will get the best. It always cures. For sale by L. Taggart.

When is a bedstead not a bedstead? When it's a little buggy.

To improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion try a few doses of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets. Mr. J. H. Seitz, of Detroit, Mich., says, "They restored my appetite when impaired by a cold and caused a pleasant and satisfactory movement of the bowels." There are people in this community who need just such a medicine. For Sale by L. Taggart. Every box warranted.

Nothing is more detestable than the prejudices of other people.

If you feel ill and need a pill Why not purchase the best? DeWitt's Early Risers Are little surprises. Take one—they do the rest. W. H. Howell, Houston, Tex., writes "I have used Little Early Riser Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family."

Why is a man's hand like a hardware store? It has nails.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption and writes—"it completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at L. Taggart's.

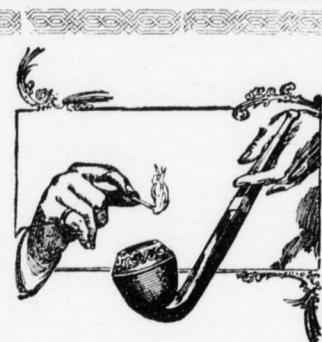
ELECTION NOTICE.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

Emporium, Pa., Dec. 7th, 1902. THE annual meeting of the stockholders for the election of a Board of Directors and the transaction of such other business as may be laid before them, will be held at the Bank on Tuesday, January 13, 1903, between the hours of one and three in the afternoon. T. B. LLOYD, Cashier.

Notice of Administratrix.

Estate of ALONZO CHEESBRO, deceased. LETTERS of administration on the estate of Alonzo Cheesbro, late of Shippen township, Cameron county, Pennsylvania, deceased, have been granted to Dora Cheesbro, residing in said township, to whom all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and those having claims or demands, will make known the same without delay. DORA CHEESBRO, Administratrix. GREEN & SHAFER, Solicitors. Emporium, Pa., Oct. 30, 1902. 37-6t



Get the Best Always

For Your Husband, Sweetheart or Brother.

While looking around endeavoring to find something to give your husband, brother or sweetheart,

John Cruice,

Who manufactures and keeps a choice line of Cigars of his own manufacture, as well as all the popular brands of Smoking and Chewing tobaccos and Smokers articles, will help you make a wise selection. His new line of

SMOKERS ARTICLES, including Mereschau and Briar Pipes, is the finest line ever exhibited here.

Try a box of "Spanish Arms," the best ten cent cigar on the market; \$3.25 for fifty, or a box of "Cyclone," the leader, \$2.00 for fifty. No better cigars in the county. All smokers use them and endorse their elegant flavor. Give us your order early.

JOHN CRUICE.

C H R I S T M A S N E A R

Thos. Trotter

Has just received another lot of

Pictures.

Just the thing for

Christmas Presents.

Ready for Fall and Winter

Coats, Capes and Cloaks.

As the cold weather season draws near, you must be prepared to meet the winds of the chilly winter, and we are now ready with a much larger stock than heretofore, to meet your wants. The very latest styles in Ladies' Coats, Capes and Cloaks. If you fail to see our large stock and get our prices you will be the loser.

Furs.

In the fur line we lead in this county. We have anything in this line that can be desired and the prices are sure to make ready sales. Call and see our large stock.

Shirt Waist Patterns.

We carry a handsome line of Shirt Waist Patterns, as our large trade in this line fully demonstrates.

We are now ordering carpet by samples and can surely please you from our large stock of patterns. We can furnish you from the cheapest to the most expensive.

We invite the citizens to visit our store and get our prices. You will receive cordial treatment whether you purchase or not.

M. C. TULIS.

A Step in the Right Direction

Is when you step into our store to buy your supplies for the family larder. We have the quality of goods that "taste like more," and at prices that gives you a chance to buy more, and a larger variety than at any other grocery. Groceries of all descriptions, Maple Syrup, Sauer Kraut, Buckwheat Flour and Pillsbury's Best Flour, Butter, Eggs, Cheese and Vegetables of all kinds. We can supply your wants for the holidays, both in groceries, meats and poultry. Our market is stocked with Turkeys, Ducks, Chickens and all kinds of Meats—fresh and juicy. Mince-meat, Sausage and Smoked Meats constantly on hand. Prices the lowest, quality considered. Come in and convince yourself with a trial order. Everything must be satisfactory or money refunded.

FRANK SHIVES.



Well Protected.

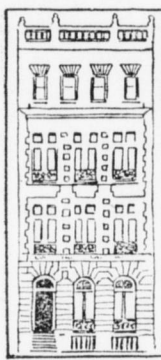
A revolver or a rifle should be in every household. Although it may not be used by a woman once in a year, it is there—a household guard.

The sporting season will soon be upon us. Needn't wait for that though. You will find lots of sport in here just buying your hunting paraphernalia. Stocks large, and prices so small, that you will have to set your dog to sniffing them out. We have full assortment—Ammunition—everything complete.

HARRY S. LLOYD.

Queer Things, Queer Ways and Queer People of New York

Thanksgiving past, Christmas close at hand, the coal scarcity yet unrelieved, have set New York to taking earnest account of charitable stock.



The Edward Clark Club.

In this respect as in others the city opens wide its arms to the needy, but in the case of the Edward Clark Club, it is not always discreet hands.

In relieving poverty the Episcopal church, in spite of its small numbers, takes the lead. It includes practically all the men of greatest wealth; it is not afraid of experiments.

In what other church would the relative of a great prelate plan to open a public house and leave to its owners' vote the question whether it shall sell beer or not? The Social Halls association of which Miss Virginia Potter, Bishop Potter's niece, is vice president and founder, is planning to spend \$200,000 upon its first hall. The question of applying for a license to sell beer and wine will depend upon the vote of the stockholders. The stock is held at \$100 a share, the investment is to pay four per cent. Anybody can buy stock; it is shrewdly held that the privilege of voting upon the license question will boom its sale. People have opinions upon that point.

The four per cent. proviso is necessary; that prevents the halls from being "charities." Few people would darken their doors if this could be truly said. There will be lodge rooms, a restaurant, a roof garden with cafe, a balcony where meals can be served in summer and where men can smoke if they wish.

Another member of the Potter family—the wealthy widow of Alfred Corning Clark, of Singer sewing machine fame, who recently became the wife of Bishop Potter himself—is preparing under his direction to spend some of her vast fortune upon philanthropy. The Edward Clark Club, for whose erection she has made plans, will add to the city's means of recreation for those whose homes are too narrow for playroom. Much of the city's charitable endeavor now seeks this outlet. In the old days money was spent, often wasted, for blankets and soup.

Ethical Culture Movement. One of the most interesting men in charity work is Dr. Felix Adler, head of the Ethical Culture society. For 30 years this man has made philanthropy his business.



A New York Boy's Club Boy.

His endeavor has been to gather in good works the many who profess no religion. His followers have no creed but good conduct. Many, but not a majority, are of Jewish descent, an element that furnishes a very large proportion of New York's agnostics. The ethical movement has been of slow growth, but there are now seven branches in London, and the parent body in New York has just laid the corner stone of a splendid new home. The work is the same as that usually undertaken under church direction. Kindergartens, clubs, country homes, sewing classes, libraries, reading-rooms, bathrooms and the like are furnished generously for the members.

In charities the church has an advantage over any ethical movement in its vast accumulated machinery; in some cases in its wealth. The ground upon which Trinity church stands, with its churchyard, just at the head of Wall street, is probably worth \$1,000,000. How much it is worth will never be known; it will never be sold. The Trinity office building, fit only to be torn down, and occupying only two lots at the northern end of the graveyard, has just been sold for \$1,700,000, to be removed. Old Trinity owns much profitable real estate whose rentals grow every year. The money is spent upon chapels in other parts of the town and upon charities and good works, after salaries of unusual number and generosity have been paid to its clerics, with the venerable Dr. Dix at their head.

An Institutional Church. A church of different kind is Dr. Rainsford's. Dr. Rainsford is a big, raw-boned Canadian who has just celebrated the twentieth anniversary of his coming to New York. Unlike Trinity has but a small endowment, which it is trying to increase. When Dr. Rainsford came to it, a young athlete more distinguished for sense than eloquence, there were perhaps 300 members, and an income of \$45,000 a year. The



Dr. Rainsford's Church.

membership has grown to 8,290, the income to \$97,000. You see from the figures that Dr. Rainsford has not been "after" rich people to fill his church. In fact, over 5,000 of the number live in tenements. Mayor Low and J. Pierpont Morgan are vestrymen, and there is no church where plainer talk is heard about the duties of the rich.

Dr. Rainsford manages clubs, athletic associations, dances—anything that interests people and that can be put under clean management instead of doubtful commercial management outside. Better dance and sing in places where no wickedness is permitted than dance and sing in the public dance halls of the East side or of Coney Island, is the doctor's theory.

The doctor is not afraid to speak his mind. And a man who can draw together J. P. Morgan and 5,000 of the very poor from the tenements into one church has a mind to speak.

"Tody" Hamilton and Hall Caine.

The two finest press agents that ever crossed the sea are now in New York. Off hats to Mr. Hall Caine and "Tody" Hamilton!

Hamilton is about 45 years of age; he has been famous for half that time. Barnum found him; he is still with the "big show." His feats of press agency are famous in the profession. Before he had been in England two months the solemn London dailies were printing as news long stories of happenings in the circus, of visits of crowned heads, of romances of the freaks. Well, Hamilton is back in New York now. The day the show got here the papers were full of the death of a "bad elephant," whom the circus people have been, with tears, obliged to kill and bury at sea off Sandy Hook. There were photographs galore. The next Sunday two of the papers had page stories on differing phases of the circus.

"Tody" invented the sensation about Jumbo, for whom the children of royalty were crying their eyes out when Barnum bought him; he stuffed Jumbo's skin when he died, and he mounted Jumbo's bones, and made the best of Jumbo's having been killed by a cannon ball. One of his prettiest feats, though not famous, was to secure the printing of a two-page newspaper picture 36 inches long of the "modern Noah's ark," the voyage of the "greatest show," to England. The sectional plan showed just where the animals went in two by two or otherwise.

Not a cent, directly or indirectly, does the big show pay for the insertion of these stories. They are so readable that the papers want them. Hamilton doesn't even have to write them. The best reporters are sent to work up his ideas.

I once asked Hamilton why he never went into business for himself.

"I am a sad instance," he said, "of the benumbing effect upon a man's courage of the certainty of a steady salary."

Hall Caine is Different.

Hall Caine is different; naturally. He takes himself seriously; Hamilton, a brighter man, is conscious of his limitations. Caine doesn't know he has any. Everything he writes he expects to fall upon the waiting world with the force of a revelation. And he does get tremendous sensations.

New York Catholicism is now fuming with rage because Caine puts "Pope Leo X."—that is to say, some pope of the future—into his play, "The Eternal City," and puts into the pope's mouth sentiments which Catholics cannot approve.

Thus Father Ducey has been "drawn" to attack Mr. Caine. Father Ducey is the typical "soggy arse" arse—the dear priest. He is fervid, eloquent, devoted, the friend of many people. In Henry George's time Father Ducey was in disfavor with his superiors because he was friendly to the "single tax" movement. His eloquence has never made him a bishop, as it did Fenelon.

Father Ducey says—and he has his co-religionists with him—that in Mr. Caine's conception of the pope, as played by Mr. Holland, "conscience, confidence, religion—all are violated. His stage pope is an insult to the most sacred relations of religious life." But there are enough people in New York who are not good Catholics to fill every night the theater where the sham pope is played.

New York has had its fill of religious plays. The "morality" of "Everyman" might escape that designation. But Mrs. Fiske's "Mary of Magdala" boldly introduces Scriptural characters excepting the Christ himself.

OWEN LANGDON.

Some Interesting Chapters in Mexican History

Included in Which Is a Recounting of the Pious Fund Claims Recently Settled.

BACK in 1845, Texas, wearied with playing the role of the "Lone Star," offered herself with her broad domains, to the United States, and was accepted. The next year a difficulty arose with Mexico as to the ownership of a strip of land between the Merces and the Rio Grande, ceded to Texas in 1824 by Santa Anna.

Santa Anna denied the claim, declared it was wrong from him when he was a prisoner and his life threatened, therefore not valid.

Polk, a man of great energy and iron will, was president of the United States; upheld by the democratic party he sent troops under Gen. Taylor to secure that strip of land—if need be, at the cannon's mouth. There were secret instructions to provoke a war if possible.

The Texans, remembering the massacre at Goliad, remembering the Alamo, "Thermopylae" had her messengers of defeat, but the Alamo had none," hated the Mexicans, especially the treacherous Santa Anna.

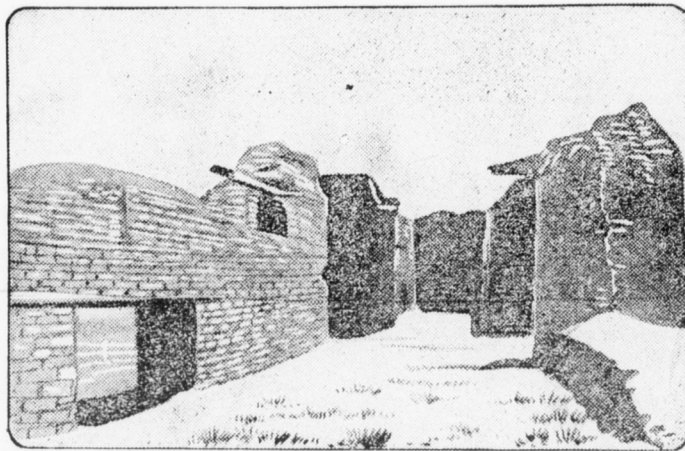
Taylor, carrying out his instructions, built a fort opposite Matamoros. This had the desired effect. The Mexicans were incensed, crossed the river and fought at Palo Alto. American blood spilled upon American soil! The Rubicon was crossed when Taylor passed the Rio Grande and war was declared. The Mexicans disputed the advance of the Americans step by step. At a convent in Churubusco the national guard, mostly Hidalgoes, 800 strong, made a brave defense against a force of 6,000 men. There was no surrender, but the convent was taken—a fight memorable for the answer, become historic of

Mexico. This time no land was involved, only money, \$4,000,000 including interest—money due the Catholic church, which has given it the name of the Pious Fund.

The rise of the missions along the Pacific coast reads like a romance; the churches in decay form the most picturesque ruins in America. The eyes of the Californians are opened as to the treasures in their keeping, and are doing what they can to preserve them.

Two hundred and fifty years ago, when Spain held Mexico, she tried in vain to gain a foothold among the Indians in California. For assistance she turned to the church. The Jesuits, then in the full swing of power, were full of zeal, feared no peril nor suffering could they but plant the cross. Gold was needed and gold flowed in from the wealthy Hidalgoes at the cry, "Help us reclaim California from the black one."

Father Juan Ugarte, with a few companions, started for the lower coast, intending to work his way north by a chain of missions. The work prospered, large numbers of the Indians submitted to baptism and signed themselves with the cross. In Europe the Jesuits had fallen into disrepute, France, Spain, Portugal and Venice were clamoring against them. Pope Clement XIV., much against his will, revoked the order in 1773. Father Ugarte was driven from his post and the crown took possession of the fund, which had grown to very large proportions. The missions were divided between Franciscan and Dominican monks. Junipero, a Franciscan father, gave each mission an endowment of \$10,000 from the Pious Fund; the work of



RUINS OF THE PECOS CHURCH, CALIFORNIA.

the Mexican general to Gen. Twiggs when asked about the ammunition—"Sir, if there had been any ammunition left, you would not now be here."

It was at San Cosine that Grant, then a lieutenant, first showed his military sagacity. He mounted a howitzer in the tower of a church, which commanded the ground of the enemy. Grant told the story in his modest way: "The shots from our little gun dropped upon the enemy and created a great confusion." He was called before the commanding general, who pronounced every shot effective.

Finally the capital was reached and the stars and stripes floated from the halls of the Montezumas. The demands of the conquerors for the trouble, expense and bloodshed of a two-years' war, which they had provoked, was California and New Mexico, two-fifths of the Mexican empire.

Gen. Fremont had been sent overland to the Pacific coast to incite a rebellion. Santa Anna fled—the Mexicans were helpless—signed the treaty.

If the war were unjust, as has been claimed, the United States generously gave an indemnity of \$15,000,000.

At the beginning of the civil war Napoleon III. was dazzled by a scheme of forming an empire in Mexico that, in a way, would be a dependency of France. He doubted not that the confederacy would win and become an ally of the new empire—together they would stamp out the Monroe doctrine.

Napoleon chose Maximilian, archduke of Austria, and Carlota, his wife, a daughter of Belgium, as figureheads, and promised to support them with French troops.

From the first the French government had been warned that its action would be regarded as a cause of war with the United States. So long as the latter was engaged fighting for its life blood, which the French thought was fast oozing out, the warnings were of little moment. After Appomattox they had a different sound in French ears. Playing with the Monroe doctrine was playing with fire. Napoleon decided to withdraw his troops, basely breaking his pledges to emperor and empress.

One was shot—the other went mad. Early in the present year an old, old story was revived, which gave the United States another claim against

Christianizing and civilizing went on. When Mexico threw off the Spanish yoke she took possession of the fund and claimed the right to administer it. Santa Anna was president, and sold the fund in 1842, guaranteeing the church six per cent. interest on it in perpetuity. The promise, like all Santa Anna's promises, was broken. For more than 20 years the doors of the Mexican treasury were closed against the church. In 1869 the archbishop of California brought the claim before the Mexican claims commission, and pushed it with so much vigor that it was agreed to submit it to Sir Edward Thornton, then British ambassador to the United States, who awarded the church \$904,790 arrears, which was divided among the Catholic churches of the west.

Again the Mexican treasury was sealed against further demands of the church.

Attorneys of both countries argued the case, but were unable to reach any agreement. At the instance of the present archbishop of the west, the United States took the matter up and diplomatically demanded payment. Mexico refused it, declaring that the Pious Fund was raised for the political conquest of California and the disposal of it belonged first to Spain, after to Mexico, but never to the archbishop of California. A foreign ambassador said that had the United States been anxious for war or desirous for plunder it might easily have brought the question of the Pious Fund into a casus belli.

Neither country wished to unfurl its flag or sound the tocsin of war. Porfirio Diaz sits in the seat of Santa Anna; being a man of honor and of the strictest integrity, it was easy to reach an agreement, which was to submit it to the Hague tribunal, called in 1899 by the autocrat of all the Russias.

The Pious Fund arbitrators decided against Mexico, their decision being that that country should pay over to the United States \$1,429,682.67 in Mexican currency to cover what the California churches should have received in the past, and \$432,539.99 annually hereafter forever.

The case had special interest, being the first submitted to the arbitration court. One member put it that theirs "was the lot of briefless barristers and judges without cases." The two new world republics have saved the court from desuetude.

LYDIA L. GORDON.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

The first scientific society was established by Dr. Franklin.

A German geographer complains that north pole exploration is in danger of degenerating into a sport, in which the establishment of "records" is the main thing.

The breathing or blowing of wells driven on the plains of Nebraska has been lately shown to coincide with changes of barometric pressure, but it is thought that low pressure can hardly account for the force with which the air is expelled from some of the wells.

In his experiments with various vehicles, M. Michelin has found that iron tires require greater motive power than either solid rubber or pneumatic. An electric automobile running at five per cent. greater speed with pneumatic tires took 18 per cent. less power than when fitted with solid rubber tires; and in stopping, the solid tires required an increase of 14 per cent. in braking power.

Two striking instances of the effects of "wind shots," or the currents of air caused by the enemy's cannon balls, are given in the "Autobiography of Sir Henry Smith." On one occasion his horse fell as if stone dead, but he was not hurt at all. On another occasion an officer was "knocked down by the wind of a shot and his face was black as if he had been two hours in a pugilistic ring."

Between Mount Kasbek and Ghimara Khokh, in the Caucasus, a glacier descends into the narrow, wedge-shaped valley of the Ghelal Don, which after a course of 13 miles joins the Ghizel Don, a tributary of the Terek. Like most glaciers of the Caucasus, the Ghelal Don has of late years receded considerably, and some years ago copious springs of hot sulphur water were uncovered by the recession.

About the middle of July the whole end of the glacier broke off and slid down the valley, grinding down everything in its path. Thirty-two lives were lost. On July 19 another huge block of ice broke off and followed the first with terrible rapidity for eight miles down the valley.

SOUTHERN SUPERSTITIONS.

If you kill frogs your cows will "go dry."

Tickling a baby will cause the child to stutter.

To cut off a pup's tail causes him to grow "smart."

To throw hair-combing out of the window is bad luck.

To thank a person for combing your hair will bring bad luck.

No person who touches a dead body will be haunted by his spirit.

Cut a dog's "dew claws" and it will not die from poisonous snake bite.

To kill a ghost, it must be shot with a bullet made of a silver quarter-dollar.

If you boast of your good health, pound wood immediately with your fist or you will become sick.

To dream of a live snake means enemies at large; a dead snake, enemies dead or powerless.

To dream of unbroken eggs signifies trouble to come; if the eggs are broken the trouble is past.

To cut a baby's finger nails will deform it; if the child is a month old it will cause it to have fits.

Silver nails or screws in a coffin will prevent the dead haunting the scenes of its existence in the flesh.

To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it to have trouble in teething.

A child will have a nature and disposition similar to that of the person who first takes it out of doors.

To hear a screech owl is bad luck. To prevent hearing their cry turn the pockets inside out and set the shoes soles upward.

To see the new moon through clouds or tree tops means trouble; if the disk is clear, good luck; if seen over the right shoulder, joy; if over the left, anger and disappointment.

SMALL TALK AMONG ACTORS.

From garret to basement the large house of a Leeds (England) mineral water manufacturer is a gigantic scrapbook, every notable theatrical poster of the last 20 years being pasted on the walls.

Melba will contribute the proceeds of her Australian tour to the charities of her native country. The announcement was received in Australia, and, in fact, everywhere, with great surprise. Seats for the prima donna's opening concert in Melbourne sold for high prices, many persons having remained up all night in order to secure a good place in line at the box office.

Beerholm Tree, the London actor, has a daughter Viola, who shows strong artistic tendencies, though she does not wish to enter the profession in which her parents have been so long prominent. When quite a little girl she begged her father to get her a pony. "But, my dear," said he, "a pony costs a lot of money." Little Viola considered a moment and then said: "Well, why don't you act better and then you would get more money."

Mrs. Patrick Campbell is said to "make up" more rapidly than any other woman on the stage. She usually arrives at the theater a few minutes before curtain time, enters her dressing-room like a cyclone, and with the aid of a nimble-fingered maid is ready to go on before the average actresses would have her hat off. Frequently she stands in the wings waiting for her cue while putting up her hair. By the way, she raises a tremendous row at seeing herself announced on the bills as "Mrs. Pat Campbell."

MENTIONED OF MEN.

Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado millionaire, is having erected for his 11-year-old son in Washington a fully-equipped theater, intended to develop the dramatic talent of the boy.

John Sherman's grave in the Mansfield (O.) cemetery has just been marked by a handsome granite block. The name "John Sherman" is the only legend that relieves the plainness of the huge monolith.

John I. Mitchell, judge of the Pennsylvania superior court, has resigned his office on account of mental incapacity. He will receive half pay until the expiration of the term for which he was elected, which ends in 1910.

Postmaster General Payne is considering the idea of placing portraits of the late Dr. Charles F. McDonald on money order blanks. Dr. McDonald was the first head of the money-order service and in the main its originator.

Emperor William of Germany talks usually speaks German with just a better than any other except his own. Indeed, it has been said that he actually speaks German with just a trace of English accent. In the case of his august uncle of England this condition is just reversed, and for a precisely similar reason. William's mother was English; Edward's father was German.

The retirement from the United States senate in March next of John P. Jones will leave William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, the senior senator in unbroken length of service. He first took his seat in that body on March 4, 1873, and by subsequent elections has served continuously ever since. Immediately previous to that he served four terms continuously in the national house of representatives.

On the eve of Minister Wu's departure from Washington a young woman of his acquaintance said to him that she hoped to visit China some day, as what he had told her about his native country had been so interesting. "But you have never explained," she added, "why Chinamen take four or five wives." With a grave bow, the oriental diplomat said: "My countrymen take so many in order that they may find in all of them the beauties and accomplishments of one such young lady as you."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS FOR MEN.

The "horsy man" might be pleased with a pen rack for his desk, but an ordinary one, oh, no—for the back of this pen rack is made of a transverse section of a block of birch-wood. The bark is left on this block and the front is ornamented with pyrographic etching and the head of a horse carved from wood.

Is he fond of his desk—there's a beautiful inkstand in bronze. It's a huge lotus leaf and, rising from one side, is the figure of a lovely woman of the Nile, who holds forth a lotus bud, inside of which is the inkstand. Cut glass inkstands that are good and big have a gilt top on which the monogram is supposed to be engraved.

A man's a very good thing to have in the house at all seasons of the year, excepting always Christmas time. If you don't believe it go look at the drawn, worried faces of woman-kind who are haunting the shops for that elusive Christmas gift for "him." Watch her touch this and that with dainty finger tip—watch her flit from counter to counter in bewitching uncertainty, spending day after day—for at last—what? Why, a necktie.

Young men nowadays are quite as fond of dainty belongings as are young women, and for his dressing bureau are exhibited beautifully embroidered neckties, pin cushions that recall his college colors, oddly decorated burnt-wood handkerchief boxes or quaint shaving cases. There are also photograph frames decorated with college emblems and, of course, quaint pipe racks and the college pillow. The shops well remember the young man and have made getting a gift for him an easy task.

WHAT THE DOCTOR SAYS.

Typhoid germs die after a few days' exposure in sea water.

It is not an absurdity to say that among those who recover from small-pox there are those who are better physically for having had the disease, says J. L. Tracy, M. D., in American Medicine.

The birth and death rates of Italy for 40 years have been reviewed by Prof. Giuseppe Sornani. The births reached their highest point of 39.34 per thousand in 1876 and their minimum was 33.49 in 1898, while the corresponding limits of the death rate were 34.39 in 1867 and 21.87 in 1899. Both birth and death rates have been diminishing, although there has been a constant excess of births over deaths, varying from 2.40 in 1867 to 12.50 in 1897. Assuming the lessened death rate to be a result of better control of infectious diseases, it is estimated that 200,000 persons have been saved from death, and at least 20 times as many have been saved from illness.

THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

The average lake trout lays 6,000 eggs each season, and the whitefish a greater number.

Beetles in the East and West Indies are so brilliant in coloring that they are beautiful as gems.

The specimen of the Japanese hen in the Museum of Natural History, New York, has a tail 12 feet long.

Some of the birds, notable the blue throat, accomplish the whole of their migratory journey in one stupendous effort.

Public Domain of United States and Canada

The Vast Extent of Territory That Is Yet to Be Settled in North America.

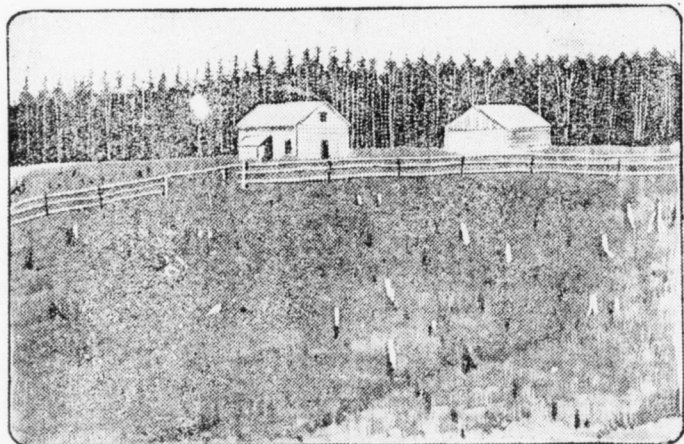
UDGING from the sudden interest manifested by American capital in Canadian lands the general public would imagine that the government lands in this country had been exhausted, and that the tide of immigration would necessarily turn to Canada.

The fact is this country has a much greater area of surveyed government lands than are open to settlement than Canada has, but this has not prevented a comparatively heavy immigration to Canada within the past ten years. It is not a sudden rush of home-seekers into Canada that has attracted the attention of the press and the public by any means, but rather the sudden rush of American capital into Canadian lands. So far as the immigration to our northern neighbor is concerned, it has been going on to such an extent and for such a time that farmers from the United States are to be found in every settled portion of the western provinces and territories, and in some sections constitute the bulk of the population. In the year 1900 16,000 people from the states crossed the border and settled in that section of Alberta territory lying between Calgary and Edmonton, and this country has for some years been supplied

veyed than is found in this country, though a larger portion of it is adapted to practical purposes. The following figures, furnished me by Mr. Smith, show the amount of unsettled land in the various organized provinces and territories in western Canada:

Province or Territory	Area in square miles	Area open to settlement
Manitoba	244,600	47,331,840
Assinabola	244,600	57,202,400
Saskatchewan	254,880	68,558,880
Alberta	266,100	67,964,000
British Columbia	280,000	66,880,000
Total	1,291,180	267,937,120

In presenting these figures, Mr. Smith explained that it represented the total of "good agricultural land," and is probably a larger total of this class of land than can be found still open to settlement in the United States. From this total, however, must be made several deductions before we get at the exact number of acres the government has opened up for homesteading. In the first place, the general total contains 23,000,000 acres owned by the Canadian Pacific railway, which is for sale at the usual price of railway lands. Another 7,000,000 acres are owned by the Hudson Bay company, secured by that corporation as a part remuneration for waiving their disputed title to the entire country. This com-



A SETTLER'S HOME IN WESTERN ONTARIO.

ing from 12,000 to 25,000 immigrants to Canada, practically all of whom go there to take up government land in the west.

The following table will give an idea of the extent of the government land open for settlement in this country, though a considerable part of the total is not fitted for agricultural purposes, and much of it is of but little value for any practical use at the present time:

States and Territories	Unappropriated and reserved, Acres	Per cent.
Alabama	2,242,240	1.00
Arizona	2,242,240	1.00
Arkansas	2,242,240	1.00
California	2,242,240	1.00
Colorado	2,242,240	1.00
Florida	2,242,240	1.00
Idaho	2,242,240	1.00
Kansas	2,242,240	1.00
Louisiana	2,242,240	1.00
Michigan	2,242,240	1.00
Minnesota	2,242,240	1.00
Mississippi	2,242,240	1.00
Missouri	2,242,240	1.00
Montana	2,242,240	1.00
Nebraska	2,242,240	1.00
Nevada	2,242,240	1.00
New Mexico	2,242,240	1.00
North Dakota	2,242,240	1.00
Oklahoma	2,242,240	1.00
Oregon	2,242,240	1.00
South Dakota	2,242,240	1.00
Utah	2,242,240	1.00
Washington	2,242,240	1.00
Wisconsin	2,242,240	1.00
Wyoming	2,242,240	1.00

Total, exclusive of outlying territories	50.21
Alaska	589,530,000
Hawaii	1,772,500
Total	945,235,516

This does not include the lands set aside for Indian reservations, timber reservations or for national parks, which contain another 145,000,000 acres, and much of which will in time be open to settlement.

But though we still have many millions of acres of land open to settlement, and which the government is willing to give to desirable applicants, and though we are still attracting the greater part of the immigration from Europe, we cannot deny that the tide is turning somewhat to Canada, nor that many of our own citizens are evincing a preference for homes across our northern border. I received a striking illustration of this fact during a visit paid to the immigration department at Winnipeg. The great shed-like building devoted to the work of this department was packed with the people of virtually all nations at the time, and among them was a goodly sprinkling of Americans. Mr. J. O. Smith, the immigration commissioner at Winnipeg, said to me that very nearly one-half of the home-seekers going into the western provinces were from the states, and it was easy to imagine this from the fact that though 16 different languages are spoken by the employees of the department at Winnipeg, the English tongue could be heard above the general jargon that goes on all the time.

The western portion of Canada, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Rocky mountains, contains a much smaller amount of unsettled land than has been sur-

REVIEW OF THE FASHIONS.

Latest Hat Models—Fancy Suitings—Pretty Bodices—Millinery—Finery, Etc.

Among the latest hat models from Paris are those of black Lyons velvet, trimmed with draperies of Black Chantilly lace, black velvet rosettes and black enamel buckles set with sparkling French brilliants, reports the New York Post.

Tailors and dressmakers are using buttons to decorate skirt seams, bodices and coats. A choice set of buttons, which have a practical use assigned to them, add to the appearance of any gown or jacket, but few decorations are in worse taste than buttons for which there is no real use. Hand painted buttons from French, and particularly those of Louis XIV. design are much sought after just now and command a very high price.

Fleeced materials are among the season's fancy suitings. A black wool costume is dotted with silky white and green flecks. A blue frieze shot with green forms another costume. A smart gown of blue serge is made with a plain, gracefully hung skirt and a three-quarters military coat frothed with braid, the collar faced with a rare shade of deep red velvet. The French sailor hat, en suite, is of a soft red felt trimmed with dark blue quill feathers and blue velvet draperies and choux.

Many bodices are made so as to give a cape-like effect, and the trimming carried round the figure below the shoulder points produces the slant which is now fashionable. A pretty sleeve used frequently with these waists is made with a short, full puff at the shoulder. The material is somewhat closely gauged to near the elbow, and there being released, forms a rather short frill which covers the point. Fancy undersleeves may be added, or close-fitting ones of what the dressmakers term "self" fabric. Yokes to other bodices grow deeper; indeed, not a few divide the corsage in half—a fashion to be strictly avoided by women with short-waisted figures. Some of the adjustable yokes fall low on the top of the arm, like a sleeve cap, and this style in lace, net, silk, or other textile is known as the "dip yoke."

Basques to jacket bodices are increased in length, and if they do not meet in front folds of soft silk confine the waist. Lines of featherbone are set beneath these folds to keep them in place, and a handsome buckle measuring three or four inches in length confines them on the left side of the figure.

Birds' breasts and wings are conspicuous on the latest French hats. Some very picturesque hats of large size are to be seen—a number in beaver, but the majority of fine French felt or draped silk. Very long full ostrich plumes trim them effectively. Soft neutral colors are preferred for such hats, dove gray for example, also pale tan, bisquit, or ecru color, with velvet and feathers in golden brown, sable, dark green or wine shades. Many of the flat hats of dark colored straw are almost covered with leaves in autumn colorings, intermingled with velvet foliage in dark brown, russet, and various beautiful shades of green. To look well such a hat requires a costume strictly in harmony with it.

HOW BETTY MADE MINCE MEAT

A Formula Which May Serve to Inform Housekeepers Who Never Have Tried It.

Betty planned to make a good supply of mince-meat. It would keep through the winter, and Jack had a weakness for mince pies. Since Betty had mastered pastry, she felt that pies would give very little trouble. So she went vigorously to work stoning raisins, shredding citron, cleaning currants and Sultanais, and boiling and chopping beef, writes Christine Terhune Herrick, in Success.

Of this beef she bought a lean piece, weighing a generous pound. This she boiled and minced, and put with it half a pound of beef-kidney suet, which she had freed from strings and crumbled. Two and a half pounds of tart apples were peeled, cored, and chopped, and this, with a pound of seeded and chopped raisins, a pound of well-cleaned currants, half a pound of Sultanais, carefully picked over, a scant half-pound of finely-shredded citron, and a pound and a quarter of brown sugar, was mixed with the beef and suet. Then in went the spices. A tablespoonful each of cinnamon and mace, and a heaping teaspoonful of salt were stirred in, and last of all a pint of cider was put in to moisten the mince-meat. When it came to this stage of the proceeding, Betty discarded her wooden spoon, washed her hands again, rolled her sleeves above her elbows, and plunged her plump hands into the mixture, beating and stirring, until she was sure the compound was thoroughly blended. Then she turned the mince-meat out of the big yellow bowl in which she had made it and into a stone crock with a cover and set it in a corner of her cellar.

His Testimonial.

"I suppose," said the stone-cutter, "you will want 'Requiescat in pace' on your wife's monument?" "No," replied the bereaved Mr. Henpeck, "Make it 'Requiescat.' That means 'I rest in peace,' doesn't it?" "Yes, and you're to sign that 'Husband,'" Philadelphia Record.

Methods of Hold-Up Men of the Past and Present

Police Officials Say It Is Modern Methods of Punishment That Make Train Robbers To-Day.



The question has been asked: Is not the modern hold-up man more daring than the old type of bandit that infested the plains, and of whom so much has been written in magazines and books? At this time, when magazines continue to present vivid biographies of prominent old-school "gentlemen of the road" and their various methods of outlawry, touching upon their peculiar daring, recklessness, ingenuity, and gentlemanly address, and the newspapers of the day are filled with accounts of modern hold-ups, the query is not wholly out of order. Opinions upon the subject are various.

The highwaymen who were the terror of the west and southwest in the days when the best trails through the wilderness and plains were those known only to themselves, had things pretty much their own way when they attempted a raid. They were the practical masters of the vast barren domain outside the settlements, and persons who carried gold or other valuables a few miles into the open, simply ventured into the outlaws' trap. During the hold-up, every circumstance favored the robbers; and capture and punishment at the hands of the law were but remote possibilities. The highwaymen seldom met with resistance, for they maintained reputations for dealing summarily with belligerent victims. The disregard which they had for human life when the pinch of occasion seemed to them to demand radical action, was always a matter for horrible contemplation to the public; yet their nice judgment in the matter (for they seldom killed a victim for mere wantonness) had to be admired, too. (There were, of course, exceptions to the latter rule, especially in the later "crop" of "bad men" that infested the plains—as may be found in the case of "Billy the Kid," who shot men "just to see them kick." "Billy the Kid," however, was an unprofessional product of the cities, having at one time been a Chicago boot-black or newsboy.)

But the real old type of the "s" and it was a master robber, did not disgrace, so far as gentlemanly behavior went, the calling of his kin, the gentlemen bandits of Italy and other European countries. Altogether, such fear and unrighteous respect as their ingenious and appalling mastery of the situation commanded, was chiefly due to the fact that owing to the wild, unsettled nature of the country, and the inadequacy of the police protection, they could seldom be apprehended. From this it may be argued that the modern robber, who plies his trade under the very nose of the law, is more daring—that the profession of robbery in civilized localities demands a greater degree of nefarious bravery than existed on the plains.

When I asked the Chicago chief of police if modern hold-up men do not



A GENTLEMANLY HOLD-UP OF THE PLAINS.

exhibit the greater daring, Chief O'Neill replied:

"Well, I would not say that—maybe he is more 'nervy.' The modern hold-up hasn't very much fear of the law, because, as a usual thing, he's been through the process of punishment one or more times. Here in Illinois we have a peculiar system of humane punishment. Punishment for this class of crimes seldom turns out to be very severe.

"The police of Chicago know that there are dangerous habitual criminals at large; we meet them on the street every day. But to bring them to punishment, they must be caught, of course, in some overt act; testimony against them must be convincing; it is necessary that there shall be a persistent complainant who will follow the matter through every court (for these fellows band together and steal money to aid one another by any

means where money is potent, fair or otherwise); and after all this is accomplished—why, the prisoners may be convicted and sent to jail for a few months, with a good chance of being released on one pretense or another before their sentences are finished. The theory that it is better that 100 guilty men should escape than that one innocent man should suffer, is no doubt sound in theory; and, theoretically, prisoners should be given every possible chance to reform; but it's a system that keeps the police busy. I don't pretend to know all the methods by which prisoners are "let off," but I do know that the first thing the police are aware of, they meet fellows on the



A SAMPLE OF MODERN METHODS.

street that they supposed were in jail. It's a good deal like pouring water through a sieve and dipping it up and pouring it through again. Under these conditions it is little wonder that criminals are nervy. A few months in jail means good care, good food, a nice rest from life's cares and a picnic generally. Looking at it in this light the modern hold-up doesn't have to be very brave or daring."

"It is reported that the railroad and express companies have offered to pay \$1,000 hereafter to any trainman who shall kill a train robber. What effect do you think that will have? Will it decrease the number of train robberies?" Chief O'Neill was asked.

"No," was the reply. "The fact that they would have to stand up and be shot at did not deter men from crowding the enlisting offices for permission to fight in the Philippines. No more are criminals deterred from their enterprises through fear of bullets. They have the first 'drop' on their victims, and that is what counts most; they are willing to take the chance on that basis."

When seen at the Harrison street station, Capt. Evans turned back over his books and announced that from November 1 to November 24 25 young fellows who had been in reform school, had been brought before him for identification. The crimes with which they were charged included the boldest robberies and the shooting of policemen. "These young fellows," said Capt. Evans, "are the worst criminals we have. They have absolutely no regard for life. They don't realize the enormity of the crime of killing a human being. They will hold up a man, and perhaps shoot him or anyone that interferes when they don't know whether the victim's got 50 cents or not. The professional robber doesn't do things that way. He may shoot a man; but he's got to know that there's something in it for him worth while. I think, on the whole, that criminals have degenerated in their policy and methods. It used to be that only a robber who was a master mechanic would attempt to open a safe. Now any ordinary criminal can do the job with a little soap and some nitroglycerine. To be sure, he ruins the safe and maybe blows a hole in the side of the building, but he gets the booty, which is the main thing he is after. It used to be that when a farmer wanted to dig out an ugly stump, he hitched several teams to it and tugged away until he brought it out. Now he puts in a little piece of dynamite and does the work a good deal quicker. The same thing is true of the criminal. The building of great public works is one thing that teaches all classes the use of explosives and the criminal profits by the knowledge along with the honest man. The building of the drainage canal, for example, taught idlers the use of dynamite."

In summarizing, it may be said, then, that the old-time highwayman of the plains, while he was almost sure, if captured, to get in the pathway of a bullet or run his head into a noose, committed his astounding feats of lawlessness in comparative safety, because he had a good chance of evading the sheriff. The modern hold-up man flourishes under exactly the opposite conditions. Capture sooner or later is pretty certain; but punishment is less severe and, if we may believe what we hear, in some instances even inviting to a man weary of the vicissitudes of a robber's existence.

MILTON MARKS.

SURVEY OF GRAND CANYON.

Particulars Regarding Some of the Wonderful Features of This Unique Region.

The demand from scientists and tourists for an accurate and detailed map of the famous canyon of the Colorado in Arizona has led to a resurvey of this unique region by the United States geological survey, under the charge of Francois Matthes, topographer, states the Washington Post. The grand canyon, formerly reached only by a stage route over a desert country, has recently been made accessible by a branch line from Williams, and during the one year that this road has been in operation the canyon has been visited by thousands of tourists. In the magnificence of its proportions and the grandeur of its scenic attractions the canyon bids fair to rival both the Yellowstone park and the Yosemite valley.

The United States geological survey expects to publish a series of atlas sheets covering the entire extent of the Grand canyon proper, and considerable areas of the high plateaus on either side. The first of these sheets, to be known as the Bright Angel, is nearly completed, and will be available to the public some time next summer. It includes almost all of the scenery visible from the Bright Angel hotel, familiar to every visitor. The Colorado river traverses from east to west the quadrangle represented by this sheet and divides it almost symmetrically. The new map will be on a scale of one mile to the inch, and the contour interval will be 50 feet. It will show every pinnacle, spur and gully in its true proportions, and each line of cliff and terrace may be traced along the canyon walls.

The dimensions of the Grand canyon have been the subject of much discussion ever since it was explored. It may, therefore, be of interest to give some figures taken from this new survey. The average width from rim to rim does not exceed ten miles throughout the Kaibab, or widest section of the canyon, and frequently narrows down to eight miles. The river does not occupy the middle of the gigantic trough, but flows at a distance varying between one and three miles from the south side. Practically all of the magnificently sculptured pinnacles and mesas (the so-called temples), lie north of the river, and at distances of from five to seven miles from the view points usually visited by tourists. The death of the Grand Canyon, in one way, has been overestimated, in another understated. Measured from the south rim, the total depth is considerably less than a mile. From the rim at the Bright Angel hotel, where the altitude is 6,866 feet above sea level, to the high water mark of the river at the foot of the tourist rail, the drop is 4,430 feet. The highest point on the south rim at the Grand View hotel is 7,496 feet, the north side, however, the water level averages considerably over a mile, and in many places even exceeds 6,000 feet. It may be stated in a general way that the north rim is from 1,000 to 1,200 feet higher than the south, thus producing that high, even sky line so striking in all views obtainable by the tourist. The figures here given are based on spirit levels run in connection with the map work. They are the first that have ever been run to the bottom of the chasm, and the high standard of accuracy maintained throughout will cause them to be considered authoritative and final.

REGULATION LEGAL FARCE.

Talesman Knew a Man Who Had Dangerous Knowledge of the Opposing Counsel.

The prospective juror was under examination by the attorney for the defense, relates the Brooklyn Eagle. "Have you expressed an opinion on the merits of this case?"

"No, sir."

"Have you formed such an opinion?"

"No, sir."

"Have you read of the case?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anyone who has formed an opinion?"

"Well, I can't just say as to that."

"Ah! now we're beginning to get down to interesting facts. You think it possible that you may know such a person?"

"I think it probable."

"Yes, yes, of course, and do you know anyone who has read about the case?"

"I know a man who has a cousin who works on a newspaper and reads nearly everything."

"Ha! then you have some connection with a man who presumably has read about the case and formed an opinion! We'll get at the whole truth presently. Now, sir, do you know the prosecuting witness or any of his lawyers?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know anyone who does know them?"

"We—all—"

"Speak up! Speak up! Don't try to conceal anything!"

"Well, I know a man whose wife's brother once worked for the father of one of the lawyers."

"Challenged for cause!" cried the attorney for the defense triumphantly.

A Warning.

"Your son," says the phrenologist to the anxious parents, "will become a poet some day."

Here the father interrupts with an air of deep concern.

"But don't you think we could cure him right now if we would whack that poetical bump with a sledge or something like that?"—Baltimore American.

Cameron County Press.

ESTABLISHED BY C. B. GOULD.

HENRY H. MULLIN,
Editor and Manager.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

Per year, in advance, \$2.00
If paid in advance, \$1.50

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements are published at the rate of one dollar per square for one insertion and fifty cents per square for each subsequent insertion.

Rates by the year or for six or three months are low and uniform, and will be furnished on application.

Legal and Official Advertising per square, three times or less, \$2.00; each subsequent insertion 50 cents per square.

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The Job department of the Press is complete, and affords facilities for doing the best class of work. PARTICULAR ATTENTION PAID TO LAW PRINTING.

No paper will be discontinued until arrearages are paid, except at the option of the publisher.

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No advertisements will be accepted at less than the price for fifteen copies.

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EDITORIAL INTENTION.

Mont Pelée is still in an angry mood. Frequent spells of eruption are reported.

Sixty million dollars is being spent in New York City in the building of new hotels.

Wonder if Senator Tillman has his pitchfork in Congress with him this season?

Many statesmen will have lost their jobs after the present short session of Congress.

In Mississippi Hall of Fame, the portraits of Lincoln and Lee will be hung side by side.

None has charged Roosevelt with having his message written for him yet. Is our strenuous President going to escape such a thing?

The Sun shines for all. The Boston Herald says the New York Sun will soon change colors again.

General Gomez has proved a successful strike settler. It did not take him long to end the one in Havana.

The department has not notified the public what kind of an impression General Miles made in the Philippines.

Mary McLane says the east is a crazy old thing. She is probably recovering from the sudden affliction of popularity.

Hanna is becoming quite an expert in a new one spring on him nearly every week.

Up to this time we have not heard of a single bear story that President Roosevelt has told since his return from Mississippi.

There will be fiction as well as facts in the next congress. Both Booth Tarkington and Winston Churchill will be there.

Secretary Moody says the navy is in need of 1,369 more officers. Many defeated politicians will be glad to get a nice berth.

Minister Wu was induced to return home by a promise of promotion. He was a good fellow and we trust he will fare all right.

In making Christmas presents please remember that friends and relatives who have left here, would appreciate a subscription to their former home paper.

Congress has convened, and the short session promises to be an interesting one. Will the trusts seek cover before adjournment.

John L. Sullivan says Boston is a bum town. He ought to know, he has lived there long time. Maybe he had to come down to beans.

The present session of Congress may be a memorable one for having admitted three new states into the Union, making the number forty-eight.

John L. Sullivan is now a bankrupt. He had made many other men the same. He claims he has only \$60 worth of personal property.

The St. Louis world's fair managers have selected Ivory white as the ruling tone for the exposition buildings, that is white with slight cast of yellow in it.

New York wants to abolish the Coroner's office on account of uselessness. From New York newspaper accounts we should think they needed one on every corner.

The New York horse show cost over two million dollars. This is all right. We should encourage the rich to put their money in circulation some way.

General Booth says New York is one of the most wicked cities in the world, and now the city claims to have 600,000 church goers. We would ask, to or from church.

The New Orleans courts have held that the new Louisiana "Jim Crow" law, requiring separate accommodations to be provided on street cars for whites and blacks is unconstitutional.

Arnold's Story of the Lincoln Conspiracy.

It is because everything which adds to the career of Abraham Lincoln is interesting that the Inquirer publishes the confessions of Arnold, the sole survivor of those convicted of complicity in his death. A portion of his story is undoubtedly history and there are other portions which consist merely of vindictive comment on the way in which he was treated. To-day we give a portion of his original statement made while he was at the Dry Tortugas, which will be completed to-morrow. Then will follow a much longer narrative, written in recent years, in which Arnold gives his alleged experiences as he remembers them now, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

The story will be found an interesting one, even if it does not find entire credence. The old man has brooded many years over his alleged wrongs, and if he has exaggerated the facts it is not unnatural. It is almost impossible that he could remember clearly what occurred so long ago; and the narrative, though written in good faith, may easily contain more of what he thinks he remembers than of the actual facts. That is a familiar experience even with men of intelligence who have plenty of data to refer to. Arnold looks upon himself as a martyr in spite of his confessions, and it is quite likely that his fancied wrongs have worked on his imagination to an unusual degree.

In the first place he confesses that he went into a conspiracy to kidnap Lincoln and hold him a hostage to compel the exchange of prisoners. He was a citizen of Maryland who had been in the Confederate army, but had left it. His conspiracy was itself punishable by death under all the laws of war, so that by his own confession he is guilty of a capital crime, and it will be seen later that he appreciated the fact. He went so far as to make the attempt, but was foiled. After this it can be said that he is entitled to no sympathy, except as he may have been brutally treated. Whether his claim that he was so treated is correct or not we do not know, but it is likely that there will soon be given official evidence to settle the matter. We do not think the situation was so bad as he represents it to be.

Finally, it must be remembered that the greatest test this country ever withstood successfully, the greatest crisis through which republican institutions safely passed, arose out of the events connected with the death of Lincoln. In almost every other country in the world under such circumstances every person accused of complicity would have been tried by drum-head court martial and executed and National wrath would have wreaked vengeance on many leaders of the Confederacy. It is the highest testimonial to the Nation and the Northern people that they remained measurable calm under the excitement of the hour and justice was carried out under due form of law. Whether any of the alleged conspirators were unjustly convicted or not has no bearing on the case. The National dignity was maintained and the convictions were on evidence deemed at the time conclusive.

Arnold's confession throws little light on the actual events of the time, but as a human document it is interesting, showing a psychological condition that is amazing. In this day the narrative can be read with calmness and even pity—pity that a man could ever have entered into such a conspiracy and lived to maintain that it was a patriotic move and to justify himself after history has set its seal of condemnation on his acts and those of his fellow-conspirators.

It will be good news to the mothers of small children to learn that croup can be prevented. The first sign of croup is hoarseness. A day or two before the attack the child becomes hoarse. This is soon followed by a peculiar rough cough. Give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy freely as soon as the child becomes hoarse, or even after the rough cough appears, and it will dispel all symptoms of croup. In this way all danger and anxiety may be avoided. This remedy is used by many thousands of mothers and has never been known to fail. It is, in fact, the only remedy that can always be depended upon and that is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by L. Taggart.

The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Scratches, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for burns, Scalds, Boils, Uncers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at L. Taggart's drug store.

Thomas Brackett Reed.

Though ex-Speaker Reed had been in retirement and devoted wholly in his profession for four years, yet he had made such a deep impression on the public mind and was still so vivid a personality in the public memory and imagination that his death will be felt as a great national loss.

Mr. Reed was a physical and intellectual giant. He towered along his fellows in form and in mind. Outside of his heroic and Herculean achievement in leading and compelling the House to legislate he left no creative work, but his intellectual stature was so great that he seemed to rear his head to the very clouds. He might be taken as a type of pure intellect. He thought and spoke and wrote and dreamed in a manner all his own, different from that of other men. His common speech was the scintillation of a diamond.

He was the prince of parliamentarians. He had just the qualities to shine supremely in the legislative arena. He was ever ready in the contests of the forum, and his unrivaled wit was equally the joy of his friends and the terror of his foes. The fiery barb of his immediately the House was in an uproar, but through all that turbulence the courageous Speaker stood calm, unquailing and serene. He was stigmatized as a Czar, but he established that the will of the majority shall rule, and his vindication came in the full and enduring acceptance, by his opponents as by his friends, of the Reed rules.

Mr. Reed was so distinguished for his brilliant and sparkling short speeches that he is less remembered for his more elaborate efforts. He made very few extended addresses in the House. But he had a power in that direction which it is a pity he did not more frequently exercise. His comprehensive and remarkable speech against the Mills bill in 1888 was a revelation, less carcasm stung and consumed many an antagonist. No man equalled him in repartee. His flashes of genius were as spontaneous as they were brilliant. In the tumultuous conflicts of the floor and in the meteoric bursts of the five minute speech he was unequalled.

In the chair he was facile princeps. The great triumph by which he will be remembered was his consummate demonstration of the power of the majority to rule. That will remain historic. It was during the first session as Speaker in 1889-90. He had a meager majority and a narrow and uncertain margin. The minority was strong, contentious and insolent. Through long weeks, without rules, the defiant obstruction went on. The Speaker planted himself on general parliamentary law, and ruled that those present even though not responding to the roll, could be counted to make a quorum. It was so philosophical in its spirit, so broad in its range, so apt in its illustration, so acute and masterly in its reasoning that it still remains one the most powerful arguments for the protective principle. Mr. Reed was a clear and profound thinker, and it is a matter of regret that there are not more enduring monuments of his splendid intellectual powers.

But Achilles was vulnerable in his heel, and Mr. Reed, with all his greatness, was not without his weakness. Save in his own trial in the House he did not accept new duties with new occasions. He fired his mordant sarcasm at reciprocity. He would not go with his party on the questions which grew out of the Spanish war. And because he found himself out of harmony he withdrew from his great career. But he was one of the commanding figures of his time, and he had intellectual power enough to be a figure for all time. —Phila. Press.

DR. FENNER'S

KIDNEY and

Backache

CURE

All diseases of Kidneys, Bladder, Urinary Organs, Also Rheumatism, Backache, Heart Disease, Gravel, Dropsy, Female Troubles.

Don't become discouraged. There is a cure for you. If necessary write Dr. Fenner. He has spent a life time curing just such cases as yours. All consultations Free.

"A gravel lodged in my bladder. After using a few bottles of Dr. Fenner's Kidney and Backache Cure I passed a gravel half as large as a marble. The medicine produced further formations. I was cured!"

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Druggists 50c. 25c. Ask for Cash Book Free.
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DAY'S.

THE SATISFACTORY STORE.

Christmas Grocery Sale.

It begins here now. Not the least important part in the preparations for Christmas is the Grocery Department. The shrewd housewife will make her selections early and be prepared. We present here a list of pure, first quality groceries that will help you. There's a saving in every item.

Sale Friday and Saturday.

Red Alaska Salmon, No. 1, tall tins, 12c. Regular, 15c.	Fruit Jams, assorted, regular 15c pkg. 12c.	Corsican Citron. Fresh new stock, lb. 20c.
Mustard Sardines, 8c. Regular 10c.	Shredded Wheat Biscuit. Genuine, pkg. 12c.	Dates, choice quality, fresh packed, lb packages 8c.
Tomatoes, No. 2 tins, standard, cold packed, 10c.	Seeded raisins, 1lb pkg. choice recleaned, 11c.	25lb bag granulated Sugar, \$1.40.
Olives, Selected Queen, regular 15c bottle, 12c.	Lemon and Orange Peel, Choice quality, lb. 20c.	Carolina Head Rice, worth 10c lb. Sale price 7c.

PEERLESS FLOUR.

A good blended Family Flour. Every sack returnable if not satisfactory. Quarter Bbl. sack, \$1.10. Per Bbl. \$4.30.

Sanna Clara Prunes,

good size, sweet, tender and juicy, lb. 7c.

COFFEE.

"ROYAL" Mocha and Java. The best coffee sold anywhere, at any price. This is a broad assertion, but we believe it and a trial will convince you of the truthfulness of the statement. Regular lb. 35c. Sale price 32c.

TURKEYS.

Christmas Turkeys, Ducks, Geese and Chickens. Anything you want in this line will be given our most careful attention with satisfaction guaranteed if you leave your order not later than Saturday, Dec. 20th, that we may have ample time to make provision. And why not leave your order for groceries, as well. We have everything necessary to make your Christmas feasting a success.

DON'T WAIT, LEAVE YOUR ORDER NOW and thereby make it possible for us to serve you better.

Christmas China.

Glassware, Crockery, Lamps, Jardiniers, Fern Dishes, House furnishing goods and many other useful and ornamental articles that will make happy the heart of the receiver.

While our particular attention is given to the furnishing of pure and wholesome goods, that go to satisfy the cravings of the inner man, it is a recognized fact that we carry the most extensive line of the above named goods of any house in the county and are therefore in better position to satisfy your wants.

Our purchase this year, for the holiday trade, was made with the greatest care to the end that we might furnish, at very modest prices articles suitable for all.

Space at our command does not make it possible for us to enumerate extensively, but we ask you to come in and examine closely.

While waiting for your groceries, you can put in the time to advantage. All goods marked in plain figures. We are unpacking new ones every day. Come early, stay as long as you wish; will try and make it pleasant for you.

Decorated Dinner sets 100 pieces \$10.00.

Open Stock, patterns plain and decorated.

Beautiful Fern Dishes and Jardinieres. The pride of every woman, 25c up. Something new and handsome in design.

Japanese China, odd pieces of rare beauty, 25c up.

Grey Enamel Ware. What could you offer to a neighbor or friend that would be more appreciated. Always useful.

Phone 6.

J. H. DAY.

\$10,000 Display of Christmas Goods. Largest Stock We Ever Had.

FURS! FURS!

Our very large stock of Furs, comprising Martin, Nutria, imitation Tiger Hair, Isabella Fox, imitation Beaver, and many other varieties, ranging in price from \$1.35 to \$16.00, former prices \$2.50 to \$25.00. Also Fur Capes, ranging in price from \$17.00 to \$25.00. A bargain in these goods, which is the largest variety ever seen in this county. The time for bargains is now.

THE FAIR EMPORIUM, PA.

H.A. ZARPS & CO'S WONDERLAND.

Coats and Capes for Ladies and Children.

Consisting of Monte Carlos and new Coats and Jackets, a popular style which combines some of the merits of both the long and short Jackets, made from the American Woolen Mills Kersey, in all desirable shades with velvet corded collar and artistic design. Ranging in price from \$3.75 to \$30. Jaunty close fitting Jackets, all shades and made from the best English Kersey. Price now, \$7.00 to \$14. Desirable bargains these are. Children's Coats, in all fashionable colors and shapes, from \$2.00 to \$8.00. This is the greatest line of bargains for the little ones we ever had.



LEADERS IN HOLIDAY TRADE

TAILORED SUITS.

The beautiful Ladies' tailor-made suits in Broadcloth, Vinetians, Cheviots and Basket Cloth. New shapes and the very latest. We will rush them through at bargain prices to reduce stock—\$6.75 to \$25.00.

Tailor made skirts that fit and are stylish. Also a few popular walking skirts. Big bargains. We must close them out.

SILVERWARE AND JEWELRY.

Full line of Silver Novelties, comprising Tea Sets, Ladles, Spoons, Knives, Bon-Bon Boxes, and hundreds of beautiful and desirable pieces of silver. In Jewelry we have everything to please. Diamond Rings, \$50 to \$200.00, if you want them.

Come and see our handsome assortment and get our prices, which are far below the ordinary on same quality goods.

SILK AND WOOLEN.

We have a large variety of Silk and Woollen Dress Patterns; also Waist Patterns. A large variety of Silk, Flannel and Velvet Read-made Waists in all colors and styles. They are beauties and greatly admired. Prices, Silk patterns from \$2.00 up. Woollens, \$1.75 up. Ready-made Waists, \$1.00 to \$8.00.

CHINA AND GLASS.

We have the most beautiful as well as the largest stock of China and Glassware. Full sets and pieces by the hundreds, yes thousands. No larger assortment ever seen here or in this section of the state.

We pride ourselves on this variety. Bisque ornaments; Lamps, for the parlor or study.

GAMES AND TOYS.

It is simply out of the question to mention what we have in this department, as the public well knows, we always care for the wants of the little ones. No matter what you want in this line, we have it.

DOLLS! DOLLS! From 5c. to \$18.00. Doll Land is full and overflowing. Beautiful line.

To Our Customers:

We have this year endeavored to present our customers with the largest as well as the most beautiful line of goods it has ever been our pleasure to purchase. That we have succeeded we feel our immense stock will testify. Every department has been carefully looked after and we feel that this year, this popular store will be more than ever appreciated. We have certainly endeavored to give you good and stylish as well as popular goods, at especially bargained prices. Our patrons should call early.

H. A. ZARPS & CO.

PHONOGRAPHS!

We are sole agents for the sale of the Columbia Phonographs. Call and see them. The best in the market.

BOOKS! BOOKS!

Our line of Books is very large. In addition to a full line of the standard works we carry a complete assortment of Bibles, Prayer Books, Hymnals. Especial pains taken to furnish the children with books.

LADY AND GENTS DEPARTMENT.

In this department, we have this Xmas time, added all that our rooms will afford. In Underwear, Hosiery, Gloves, Ties, Handkerchiefs, Fascinators and—well just call for anything—we have it. We have a very large line of Ladies and Childrens Golf Gloves, all colors. Full line of Kid Gloves for Ladies and Gents.

PICTURES AND ALBUMS

Beautiful display of pictures just opened, ranging in price from 25c to \$10.00. We have something new in Albums. Fine goods for presents. In our Novelty Department we have Sterling Silver Ebony Brushes, Ivory Finish, and Fancy Toilet Cases, Military Brushes, Combs, Looking Glasses Shaving Sets. Music Rolls.

DRAPERY AND TAPESTRY.

We have a very beautiful line of good goods, which must be seen to be appreciated. Some rare bargains in Bureau Scarfs, Embroidery and Open Work.

SILK UMBRELLAS. This line of goods, always makes a desirable Xmas gift. We have them in Pearl, Ivory, Gold, Silver and bone handles, for ladies or gents. Ranging in price from \$1.75 to \$10.



Timothy, the Timid.

BY CROMWELL GALPIN.

THE first day of Timothy Farnham at the Los Angeles high school was distinctly uncomfortable, and the other days of the week were no less unpleasant to the boy. Timothy's father and his family had recently arrived "from the east," which in southern California means from some portion of the United States east of Denver; in Timothy's case it referred to southern Kansas, where the waters of the shallow streams grow warm early in the summer and stay warm till late in the fall.

Timothy found the western boys of his own age no more than his equals in school work, and hoped to gain standing and to make friends among them as he had done among schoolmates in the "east."

In the middle of the morning session of the first day Timothy saw on his desk an envelope addressed to him. He opened it and drew forth the enclosure. Something flew out as the folded cardboard unfolded, and Timothy struck at it, uttering a shriek worthy of the most nervous girl in the room.

Then he discovered it was a "kissing-bug;" that is to say, a hairpin and a piece of rubber so twisted together as to unwind with a buzz when taken from the envelope. Timothy had been startled even more than the maker of the kissing-bug had hoped, and there was smothered laughter among the boys and giggling among the girls.

As the teacher in charge turned toward Timothy, William Peters rose.

"I put a kissing-bug on Mr. Farnham's seat," he said. "I thought he would open the envelope before the class was called to order, and really, I didn't know that Timothy was so timid." And the force of the teacher's reproof was lessened by the smile he could not hide.

If the matter had ended there it would have been forgotten very soon. But at noon Will, who was a leader of the boys inclined to athletic sports, declined to allow Timothy a place in the line-up for a practice football game, and Timothy made such remarks as wit and ill-nature suggested, the result being that two boys who might have been good friends were in a fair way to become bitter enemies. To Timothy even this seemed less to be regretted than the fact that the other boys of the class were inclined to follow Will's lead.

Three of his friends, Alf Johnson and Joe and George Brown, were especially ingenious and persistent in inventing alliterative variations of "Timothy, the Timid" and "Timorous Timmy," which the other boys took up and repeated till it seemed that Timothy's name was never mentioned without an adjective implying cowardice. As the days passed, even the little fellows in the classes below joined in the sport, greatly to Timothy's discomfort. Thinking over the matter, he sensibly concluded to do nothing until something seemed certainly the right thing to do; and he made no answer to galling remarks.

Schoolboys as a rule soon tire of any game steadily pursued, and Timothy's plan of non-resistance would in time have secured immunity from persecution at worst only half ill-natured. But his patience was not put to test.

On Saturday Will and his three friends rode down to the beach on their bicycles, reaching the seashore at eight o'clock in the morning. Timothy also decided to go swimming. So, taking the electric car for Santa Monica, he entered the bath house from the shore side as the clock struck ten. He undressed, donned a bathing suit and went out on the beach.

Many people set on the benches, and more on the sand, but there were no bathers in the water. The sea was like a vast mirror. Five or six hundred feet from the land the shining water rose slowly, green and graceful, as a heavy ground swell swept shoreward. Half way in flecks of white foam appeared on the crest of the little mountain of water; all the top grew white as the wave became perpendicular; then the mass toppled upon the sand with a tremendous slap that woke the echoes in the bluffs till all other sound was drowned in the roar of surf as the wave broke on the beach.

With both the sights and the sounds Timothy was familiar, having spent a month along the sea before school began. Tumbling walls of water six feet high more than tempted the bather to stay ashore.

A quarter of a mile from the beach, well outside the breakers and little affected by the swell, was a small boat with a big sail, carrying four people in bathing dress, evidently men, as they were bareheaded. Timothy watched them, wondering why they had hauled the sheet aboard while sailing dead before the wind. As he looked, the helmsman put the tiller down and the little craft rounded up to port and heeled

over as the breeze caught the sail, still hauled close.

"What do you suppose he thinks he's trying to do?" laughed a man, sitting near Timothy.

Slowly the boat straightened up as the man at the helm again put her before the wind. Still he kept her close-hauled, and shifting his helm again, he jibed her over. As before, the sheet was held fast; but this time a puff of wind caught the sail and the boat turned over. The four persons who had been aboard made a good deal of splashing as they found places by which to hold on to the overturned craft. The crowd looking on laughed, and exchanged good-naturedly contemptuous remarks concerning the skill of the boatmen as they waited for the crew to right the craft and take to the oars to work her out to sea, for the wind was driving her toward the breakers.

But the men made no attempt to right the boat. Clinging to the almost submerged sides, they seemed to be waiting to drift ashore.

"If they let her get into that surf," said the man sitting near Timothy, "that boat'll go to pieces like an egg shell in an ore-crusher."

One of the men clinging to the boat waved his hand to the people on the shore, and Timothy stood up.

"That's a pretty stiff surf," he said, "but I guess I'd better go out and tell them to keep off till the tide turns and the surf goes down."

Timothy was a swimmer, and inured to surf work by his month at the shore. Although he had never battled with waves so heavy as those before him, he felt little doubt of his ability to make his way through them.

He walked slowly seaward, following a receding wave and meeting another coming, and dived into greenish-brown water seeming as steep and as high as the wall of a house. He had taken a good breath, and needed it all before he had another opportunity to breathe; but he caught the undertow and felt himself scraped against the sandy bottom as he was swept seaward. He came to the surface a few seconds later 30 yards from shore, and in the middle of the trough between two waves; thus he had time to empty his lungs and to fill them again before the next roller was upon him.

He dived again, and again the undertow swept him from the shore, and again he rose in the trough of the sea, well in advance of the oncoming wave. He shook the water from his eyes, and then straightened out to take as deep a breath as he could force into his lungs. The wave before him was a "double-header," and even a stronger swimmer than Timothy might admit that he was afraid without exposing his courage to suspicion.

A double-header is only half as high as the wave series of which it is an irregular member, but its menace to the swimmer is much more. Between two ordinary waves is a trough of flat water, allowing the swimmer a chance to breathe; between the halves of a double-header there is also a trough, but it is filled with lather and foam much too thick for breathing, yet too thin to support the swimmer. He must either take a deep breath and hold it—if he can—lying still till the wave passes over him, or he must take a breath equally deep, dive and swim—if he can—under water till the increasing light tells him he has passed under the stretch of sea which is boiling and frothing like a horrible great caldron. Timothy preferred to dive.

As he went down he had some fear that he might never come up again, together with a feeling of thankfulness for the two seconds of grace that had allowed him to go down with his lungs well-filled with air.

The distance under a double-header is four times that under other waves running at the same time, and the undertow offers no aid to the swimmer, for instead of a current running strongly seaward, it is a mere tangle of swirling water running nowhere. Timothy dived deep, striking out strongly but carefully, and opening his eyes.

Under an ordinary wave the light is blue-green; under a double-header there is no light, for water lashed into foam is opaque as a plank ceiling. Salt water hurt Timothy's eyes, and he kept them open only long enough to make sure that he was in the dark.

The pressure on his lungs became intolerable, and he let out some of the air in them, immediately wishing he had tried to save it a few seconds longer. He opened his eyes, saw no sign of light in the black mass above him, and struck out again, fear clutching at his heart as he felt how ineffective had been his stroke, and realized that repetition of even such weak effort was beyond his power until he might breathe again. Then he felt himself trying to laugh at the remarks those fellows in the boat would make about him when they got ashore, and he wondered half-stupidly if this was the beginning of the delirium that comes to the swimmer who has made his fight and lost.

A sort of frenzy seized him, and he struggled wildly to reach the surface. Only for a second. "You haven't got me yet!" Savagely defiant the words seemed to form themselves and to find some strange method of utterance. He lay without movement, strange lights flashing before his eyes, a great roaring filling his ears, an unmeasurable weight pressing his chest.

He floated slowly to the surface, so nearly unconscious that he hardly knew enough to be glad when he felt the sunshine on his face. His lungs had emptied themselves, and he rolled over on his back to draw

breath as a mountain of solid green water advanced toward him from the ocean.

But the sometimes relentless sea is sometimes strangely merciful. The big green wave lifted the exhausted boy tenderly, passed under him, breaking just beyond, and swept roaring to the shore.

Three good breaths restored Timothy's senses and revived his courage; he had not been near enough to drowning to lose his strength. There were still more waves to be passed before the boy was beyond the surf. But there were no more double-headers, and some of the waves did not break till they neared the shore. Timothy swam on, soon finding himself beyond the rollers and among vast waves that rose and fell, but did not break.

Then he heard a cry: "Help! Help!" It was a strident voice, but weak, as of one too frightened to fill his lungs for a good, honest shout.

As Timothy raised himself in the water and turned his eyes in the direction whence the sound seemed to come, he saw the boat he had watched from the shore, and recognized in the persons clinging to her sides Will Peters and the three boys who had so persistently nicknamed him Timorous Timmy.

The boat was right side up, but full of water; the mast, stepped through the bow thwart and without stays, had been unshipped, and with the sail was dragging astern. The wind was light, but the boat was driving slowly shoreward, and the boys clinging to her were not making the slightest effort to keep her off, although they could not but know that if they attempted to reach shore through the heavy surf the destruction of the boat was certain and their death by drowning inevitable.

"Hallo!" shouted Timothy. "Keep her off! Keep her off till the surf goes down!"

As he called, a vagrant wave broke to seaward of the prevailing surf line. Timothy dived, rising close to the overturned boat and seeing three boys wildly clutching for more secure hold on the wreckage.

Within arm's length of the boat, but having altogether lost his hold, Will Peters was thrashing about, arms and legs out of the water half the time and head under all the time. He was not a swimmer.

Timothy with his left hand reached for the gunwale of the boat, and with his right seized Will, who put both arms around Timothy's neck, almost instantly to release his hold and attempt to climb into the boat, which promptly turned bottom upward. "Hold on!" shouted Timothy. "You can't keep your feet dry here. Hang on to the side and help tow her out!"

Under Timothy's direction the boat was righted and her bow turned away from the shore. Two boys could not swim, and they simply hung on; two could swim a little, and they gave Timothy such aid as they could in working the boat farther from the surf line. Then they bailed her out with a tin pan tied to a thwart to guard against loss under just such circumstances, climbed over the side, pulled the mast and sail aboard and got out the oars for a pull to Long wharf, where the boat had been hired and where the boys had left their clothes. Nobody suggested an attempt to raise the sail.

As they dipped the oars for the first stroke another boat drew alongside, manned by four fishermen.

"Don't you fellows know enough to keep your boat out of the surf? Want any help?" asked one of the fishermen.

"We do," said Timothy, taking it upon himself to answer both questions; "but we didn't at ten o'clock this morning. We've been in the water long enough to get pretty cold. One of you get in here and give a hand down to Long wharf; let me get into your boat and put me ashore at the Arcadia wharf."

"I'll pay you for your trouble," said Will, speaking for the first time since he had called for help.

The suggested changes were soon made, and in due time the sailing party reached Long wharf.

The boys went ashore, dressed, settled with the fisherman and the boat owner, and rode their bicycles to the bath house, where they expected to see Timothy, but did not. They spent some time looking for him and then regretfully took the bicycle path for home.

Timothy had left the fisherman's boat at the Arcadia wharf, gone to the bath house and dressed. Lacking the 35 cents necessary to pay car fare, he then took the bicycle path for a 16-mile walk to his home. Four or five miles out a wheelman passed him with a rush, but stopped a few yards beyond. It was Joe Brown, and behind him came the others of the boating party.

"Who's afraid of wet feet?" shouted Joe, as he came running back.

"Timothy Farnham's four friends!" bawled the others in chorus, as if practicing a new class yell.

"Into whose heads has some sense soaked?" sang out one of the others. "Heads of Tim Farnham's four friends!" shrieked the chorus.

"Say, Tim," said Will, "when you've risked your life to save one you needn't—"

"Oh, cut it short! It's all right," said Timothy.

"Yes, it's all right," answered Will. "But if you'll ride my wheel home, or ride by turns, I'll take it as an honor; if you'll teach me to swim I'll be a burro long enough to carry you home on my back. And," rather sheepishly, "we won't talk any more about Timothy's timidity."

And the promise was faithfully kept.—Youth's Companion.



BETRAYED BY A ROOSTER.

Story Related by Admiral Jonett of the Clever Capture of a Blockade Runner.

OF no officer in the navy are more amusing stories told than of the late Admiral Jonett. He was not only a conscientious and brilliant officer, but one of the kindest men, the merriest souls, and the cleverest story-tellers that ever wore the navy blue, says a Washington correspondent of the Chicago Inter Ocean.

A favorite tale with him, and one that his cronies never tired of hearing repeated, was his account of the capture of a blockade runner which came about by his hearing a rooster crow.

"In the early days of the war," the admiral would say, "I was a youngster of a lieutenant in command of the Montgomery, an old sea monster of a merchantman converted into a man-of-war, which, like the Mary Dunn, of Dover, had three decks and no bottom.

"Her battery was poor, and the chase gun, a ten-inch Columbiad, had been condemned years before. The powder was wet, and the fuses of the shell defective.

"We were cruising off the coast of Louisiana, out of sight of land, awaiting the supply steamer from the north. There was little to eat, nothing to do, and I was still suffering from the wound I received when we captured the royal yacht.

"One densely foggy morning at about four o'clock I was pacing up and down the deck with the mid-watch, when I suddenly heard a rooster crow. It was some moments before the significance of that crow occurred to me. Then, turning to one of the officers, I said:

"Are there any chickens aboard?"

"No, sir."

"Didn't the boats bring any yesterday?"

"I think not," was the answer.

"Well," said I, "when we swung up north I heard a rooster crow. A blockade runner had certainly gone out. Call all hands. Make sail—it was a stiff wind—for Havana. Send word to the engineer to give me all the steam he can, and send extra men to the fireroom."

"I had been ill for a long time, dangerously ill, and at this order the under officers exchanged significant glances.

"No, gentlemen," said I, divining their thoughts, "I am not crazy. I heard a rooster crow, and we'll find him when this fog lifts."

"When the fog lifted at 7:30 a. m. before us lay a schooner, all sails set, making for Havana. The condemned gun was fired, but the powder was worse than the gun, and the ball, after rolling on the water for half a mile, sank.

"We soon overtook her, however. She was flying the Louisiana state flag, showing a pelican, and as we ranged alongside we found 14 hard and desperate looking men in the stern.

"Haul down that rag," I yelled at the top of my voice.

"My order met with no response. Thirty marines stood on the poop deck



THE CONDEMNED GUN WAS FIRED.

of the Montgomery with muskets loaded with ball and buckshot cartridges.

"Sergeant, ready!" was the command. "Haul down that rag," you, I called out again, and down fell the pelican from its proud position.

"How in thunder did you know we were off here?" asked the captured captain.

"You've got a rooster on board," replied I, and he gave us warning of your vicinity at four o'clock this morning."

"I'll wring his neck!" growled the furious confederate.

"No, you won't," I sharply announced; "he's mine by right of capture, and since then I have always maintained that the Biblical rooster was not the only historic chanticleer."

A Speaking Likeness.

"Mr. Jones," began old Skindint, the boss, as he cleared his throat, "you have been in my employ just 20 years to-day, and have proven a good and faithful servant. I propose to make you a substantial recognition of your fidelity. Here is a photo of myself as a present."

"Thanks. It's just like you," muttered Jones, as he accepted the valuable gift.—Baltimore American.

LINCOLN AND THE CLERGYMEN

One Instance in Which the Great President Lost His Habitual Good Humor.

Clergymen were always welcome by Mr. Lincoln at the white house with the respectful courtesy due to the sacred calling. During the progress of the war, and especially in its earliest stages, he was visited almost daily by reverend gentlemen, sometimes as single visitors, but more frequently as delegations, says Col. Ward H. Lamon, in the Philadelphia Times. He was a patient listener to the words of congratulation, counsel, admonition, exhortation and sometimes reproof which fell from the lips of his pious callers, and generally these interviews were entertaining and agreeable on both sides. It not infrequently happened, however, that these visits were painfully embarrassing to the president. One delegation, for example, would urge with importunate zeal a strict observance of the Sabbath day by the



MR. LINCOLN'S REPLY WAS A NOT-ABLE ONE.

army; others would insist upon a speedy proclamation of emancipation, while some recounted the manifold errors of commanding generals, complained of the tardy action of the government in critical emergencies, and proposed sweeping changes of policy in the conduct of the war.

On but one occasion that I can now recall was Mr. Lincoln's habitual good humor visibly overtaxed by these well-meaning but impatient advisers. A committee of clergymen from the west called one day, and the spokesman, fired with uncontrollable zeal, poured forth a lecture which was fault finding in tone from beginning to end. It was delivered with much energy, and the shortcomings of the administration were rehearsed with painful directness. The reverend orator made some keen thrusts, which evoked hearty applause from other gentlemen of the committee.

Mr. Lincoln's reply was a notable one. With unusual animation he said: "Gentlemen, suppose all the property you possess were in gold, and you had placed it in the hands of Blondin to carry across the Niagara river on a rope. With slow, cautious, steady steps he walks the rope, bearing your all. Would you shake the cable and keep shouting to him: 'Blondin, stand up a little straighter! Blondin, stoop a little more! Go a little faster! Lean more to the south! Now lean a little more to the north!' Would that be your behavior in such an emergency? No; you would hold your breath, every one of you, as well as your tongues. You would keep your hands off until he was safe on the other side. This government, gentlemen, is carrying an immense weight. Untold treasures are in its hands. The persons managing the ship of state in this storm are doing the best they can. Don't worry them with needless warnings and complaints. Keep silent, be patient, and we will get you safe across. Good day, gentlemen. I have other duties pressing upon me that must be attended to."

TWO BRAVE WOMEN.

Saved a Night Train of Soldiers from Destruction Planned by Bushwhackers.

In traveling on the cars from Bethel to Jackson, Tenn., the Twenty-seventh Iowa infantry was saved from a fearful loss of life by the heroism of two union women—this was in the summer of 1863, says the American Tribune.

The train was running in the night, and at a high rate of speed, and just before reaching a railroad bridge the engineer saw a couple of lanterns being waved in the distance, directly on the track.

He stopped the locomotive and men were sent ahead to ascertain the cause of the alarm. They found that the lanterns were held by two women, who explained to them that a band of bushwhackers in the vicinity had been informed of the coming of the regiment and at about eight o'clock that evening they would set fire to the bridge, allowing the main timbers to burn, so they could not bear the weight of the train, and then put out the flames and went away.

Their purpose was to have the cars run on the bridge, and then go crashing down for 90 feet into the river, carrying 600 soldiers down in the fall.

These noble women had learned of the intentions from the bushwhackers as they retreated into the mountains, and they walked ten miles through the mud and darkness to save the union soldiers.

A FUSE OF DUTY.

No fault can be found with a man's sense of duty if he finds time to do things he doesn't want to do.—Arlington Times.

HAS BRIGHT FUTURE

George B. Cortelyou, Private Secretary to the President.

His Success Should Be an Inspiration to Ambitious Young Americans—May Become a Cabinet Member.

The intimation has come from Washington that George B. Cortelyou may become a member of the president's cabinet. Those who know the man best believe that he is worthy of such an honor, and capable of filling such a position. In the United States today there are few more interesting men than George B. Cortelyou, the secretary to the president. Intellectual, energetic, dignified, and courteous, this man seemed endowed by nature and fitted by training to perform the duties and meet the emergencies of his particular work.

The position of secretary to the president of the United States is an arduous one. In the rendering of its multitudinous services, it calls for the business qualifications of a methodical and systematic clerk, in the performance of the daily routine of official work, and the finesse of a practical diplomat in meeting and satisfactorily adjusting situations between the president and an assorted public, each individual of which believes himself entitled to a portion of the time and interest of the chief executive.

Mr. Cortelyou worked his way to his present high position through sheer ability and determination. He is still a young man, 40 years of age, and his success may be regarded as an indication of a still more progressive and brilliant career in the future. He began as a stenographer, and as a court reporter, was considered one of the most rapid and accurate in the country. In 1891 he became private secretary to the fourth assistant postmaster general. Toward the close of the Cleveland administration he was transferred to the white house. He



GEORGE B. CORTELYOU.

(President's Choice for Proposed Portfolio of Commerce.)

was for several months a stenographer to the president, and was then appointed executive clerk, which position he held until the beginning of Mr. McKinley's second term, when he was made private secretary.

While in Washington Mr. Cortelyou improved his spare time in the study of the law, and, in 1895, was graduated from the Georgetown University Law school. The following year he took a post-graduate course in the Columbia university.

Mr. Cortelyou was born in New York city July 26, 1862. He was educated in public and private schools, and is a graduate of the Hempstead (L. I.) institute, and of the state normal school at Westfield, Mass. He holds the degree of LL. B. from Georgetown university, and the degree of LL. M. from Columbia university. He was for a while a law reporter in New York, and then was principal of preparatory schools in the same city from 1885 to 1889. In the latter part of 1889 he began his career as a private secretary, having served in this capacity with the post office inspector at New York, the surveyor of the port of New York, and the fourth assistant postmaster general. In November, 1895, he was appointed stenographer to the president; in February, 1896, executive clerk; in July, 1898, assistant secretary, and in April, 1900, upon the resignation of John Addison Porter, on account of ill-health, Mr. Cortelyou was made full secretary.

This is a modest and thoroughly American career. Having had not more than an average preparation for his life's work, Mr. Cortelyou has invariably done the small things that he found to do so well that he has been called to do greater things.

During the four and a half years that Cortelyou served the late President McKinley, first as assistant private secretary and later as private secretary, he developed a remarkable trait of memory.

As assistant secretary it was part of Mr. Cortelyou's duty when the president was traveling to see the reporters from the various newspapers and to furnish them the particulars of the chief executive's plans and movements. Hundreds of reporters throughout the country thus became personally acquainted with Mr. Cortelyou, who not only remembered their faces in connection with the newspapers which they represented, but in the great majority of cases remembered the personal names of the interviewers themselves.

Berlin Has No Fifth Slams.

The very poor of Berlin are better housed than those of any other large city in the world. In fact, there are no fifth slums in the German capital, and the poorest people there are disposed to be tidy.



A FEW USEFUL HINTS.

Of Particular Value to Women Who Like to Dress Becomingly on a Small Income.

The rich girl is not always the only girl who is the well-dressed one. The young woman who has to make over, refurbish up and remodel her hats and frocks is frequently as modishly attired as her better-off sisters.

Of course, it takes lots of time and skill, as well as cleverness, to make old things look as well as new; but then it pays to curl feathers and clean ribbons when the hat is finished and the gown is donned, and it just looks lovely. For the maid who has to make over and yet wants to look nice here are a few useful hints to help her on her economical ways:

Feathers which have become soiled may be washed in hot water and soap. Soft water should be used. Rinse thoroughly to get the soap out. Brush quills with a nail brush or hair brush.

Wash ostrich feathers in the same way, and after rinsing thoroughly pass them through a warm solution of oxalic acid. After this they should be starched in plain starch.

The fibers of ostrich may be curled with a curling iron that is not very hot. Steam the fibers before curling. Feathers are also curled with a dull knife, drawing the fibers between the thumb and edge of the knife. Hold lightly and do not curl too tight. Do not curl the entire length, but only at the end of each fiber.

Light-colored feathers may be washed in benzine without detriment to their curl or color.

Wings and fancy feathers are very satisfactorily cleaned by washing in benzine. After drying and pluming with a brush, white wings should be rubbed with magnesia.

Some all-silk ribbons and pieces of silk may be washed in soft water, using a pure white laundry soap. It is well to try small pieces first, for all dyes will not stand the process. Wash gently and rinse thoroughly. Roll in a towel and iron under tissue paper when partially dry. Do not wring the ribbon or silk, but squeeze the water out by running through a wringer with a towel or squeeze between the palms of the hands. Ribbons and silks should be ironed while damp.

Silks are often satisfactorily cleaned in gasoline or benzine. In using either of these a sufficient quantity must be used to cover entirely the piece being cleaned, otherwise the result will not be satisfactory. It hardly seems necessary to repeat the caution about not using either of these inflammable liquids near fire; but it must be remembered they are very dangerous.—Chicago Tribune.

MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS.

For Fifty-Six Years She Has Entertained Audiences in This Country and Europe.

There is hardly a theater-goer in the United States who does not know Mrs. Annie Yeamans, who has now been on the stage for 56 years. She has played almost every line of character in the drama, from a pickaninny, when she was a child, to the



MRS. ANNIE YEAMANS.

queen in Richard III. in her maturer years. She is perhaps best known for her impersonations in the Harri-gan plays. They were all her own creations, for the author furnished her but a skeleton of her parts, and she developed those remarkable old women who were the features of the shows. Of late years she has been associated with farce-comedy. Her art is literal. She is realism itself. She has the rare gift for a woman of losing all self-consciousness in comic acting. Off the stage Mrs. Yeamans is a genuinely amiable old lady who has given welcome encouragement to scores of young players who have since become famous. Her companions say that she is entirely free from the vice of jealousy; and a greater compliment than this no play actor could pay to another.

What a Little Borax Does.

A little borax in the last rinsing water will make handkerchiefs easier to iron and look better when done.

MRS. JOSEPH CHOATE.

Wife of the American Ambassador to Great Britain is a Most Admirable Woman.

If Joseph Hodges Choate, ambassador from the United States to England, is a man fitted for his position, Mrs. Joseph Choate is a woman quite capable of holding her own as the wife of one of the proudest diplomats living.

The post of ambassador to the court of St. James is a purely honor-



MRS. JOSEPH H. CHOATE.

ary one, for its emolument is wholly inadequate to meet the demands that are made upon it. At the same time it is one of such pride that statesmen and warriors have long considered it the plum of presidential appointments.

A poor man is never appointed to such a post. First, the poor man would never have the money to entertain sufficiently; second, he would hardly have had the necessary training; third, the wife of a poor man would not have received a sufficient amount of polite education to enable her to fill the position well.

Mrs. Joseph Choate began life as a rich girl. She was well educated in the schools of 60 years ago and received a training according to the standards of those days. When she married Mr. Choate in 1861 it was said in Boston that she could pour tea better than any other young matron at the hub.

Mrs. Choate was once a great beauty. But 41 years of married life or of life spent in the wide world, in one country and in another, will take away one's actual prettiness, though the years will bring something else just as admirable and that is what they have brought to Mrs. Choate.

She shows refinement of the lady of society, the repose of the woman of the world, the finesse of the diplomat and the high polish which comes of rubbing against the best people of all countries.

Mrs. Choate's entertainments in London are as famous as the speeches of the ambassador. She gave a series of dinners last winter, at which the table decorations were the finest ever seen on a diplomat's table. Reasoning that the feast must be partly of the eyes, she ordered her florist to trim the table with all the flowers that were of the season and to use them with a lavish hand.

An annual event of much interest in the ambassador's family is that of the celebration of his birthday. Then a grand dinner is ordered and Mrs. Choate dresses in a fine new gown which is made in Paris for the event. Although still a young man in appearance, or at least briskly young, Mr. Choate will soon be 71 years old, and when in January the birthday fete takes place Mrs. Choate will need to burn 71 candles in honor of the event.

Throughout her husband's career Mrs. Choate has been a power, not from the standpoint of assisting him in his public work, but diplomatically and through her family connections. Like Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew, she plays the highbred lady's part and does it so extremely well that her husband is much assisted by her thorough work.

Mrs. Choate is the owner of very fine emeralds, which are Mr. Choate's favorite stones. She obtained them while on a trip to the orient and she wears them on important diplomatic occasions.

Mrs. Choate has done a great deal for Americans in London. To the house of the ambassador go all Americans in distress, and to the ambassador's wife are turned over all cases of women requiring aid. Mrs. Choate has restored runaway girls to their American homes. She has supplied money to musical students out of funds, she has extended her hand, and even her roof, to penniless artists, and she has put hundreds in communication with their friends at home.

Mrs. Choate and the ambassador have always been singularly devoted and rarely is one seen in public without the other. They travel together, and, besides affording a noteworthy example of diplomatic excellence, they furnish one of extreme matrimonial devotion.—London Letter in Chicago Chronicle.

PUTTING AWAY CLOTHES.

The Woman Who Knows How to Take Care of Things Always Looks Well Dressed.

The woman who knows how to put away her belongings is not only neat, but economical and generally smart in appearance. When she comes in from a walk she never hangs up her coat by the loop inside the collar, if she puts it away in the closet she uses a coat hanger—if she leaves it around the room knowing she may need it soon, she disposes of it over the back of the chair that will keep it in shape. The skirts of her gowns never have a stringy look, because they are always hooked and then hung by two folds. For a tailor-made skirt she uses a small coat-hanger with the ends bent down a little; this keeps the skirt in excellent shape and causes it to hang in even folds. The strings of her underskirt are tied and the garment is hung by the loops, thus never showing a hump where it has rested on the hook. For the same reason her shirt waists are always hung by the armholes, unless they have hanging loops. Handsome waists have both sleeves and body stuffed with tissue paper, and are then laid in drawers or boxes.

Shoes are easily kept in shape by slipping a pair of trees into them as soon as they are removed from the feet. If trees are not available, newspaper will do, if it is stuffed in tight. It is well to roll each shoe on a stiff piece of paper; a single fold will often spoil the set of a veil, and sometimes even mar the expression of a face. Gloves should always be removed by turning them wrong side out; they should then be turned back again, blown into shape, and each finger smoothed out. Ties, especially four-in-hand or golf ties, should be hung to avoid creasing.

Hats, of course, should be kept out of the dust and placed so that the trimming will not be disarranged. This disposition depends so much on the hat and the available space that each woman must use her own ingenuity. However, it is safe to say that no hat should be laid flat on a shelf. Furs, also, should be protected from dust, and a muff should always be stood on end.—N. Y. Times.

MISS ETHEL DICKENS.

Granddaughter of Famous Novelist Runs Typewriting Establishment of Her Own in London.

Probably if Miss Ethel Dickens, Charles Dickens' granddaughter, had happened to be his daughter instead, the novelist never would have won the reputation which he did for monstrous bad penmanship.

This characteristic of the author of "Oliver Twist" might have been revealed by him in a private letter now and then, but Miss Dickens would have seen to it that his business letters and, above all, his manuscripts, were typewritten just as neatly as possible. For typewriting is the business of this particular granddaughter of Charles Dickens, and she presides over an uncommonly busy little establishment of her own in Travistock street, Covent garden.

Miss Ethel Dickens, who is the daughter of Charles Dickens, Jr., is an



MISS ETHEL DICKENS.

attractive young woman with a delightful voice, much charm of manner and a rare amount of executive ability. She opened her first place of business in the identical office in which her distinguished progenitor edited "Household Words."

Miss Dickens makes a specialty of copying plays and book manuscripts. Dared she publish the list of famous novelists only who come to her, London would realize perhaps more generally what a first-hand knowledge of current literature is in the possession of "Miss Dickens, Typewriter."

Into Miss Dickens' office inquisitive travelers often penetrate with apologies, but—"We were passing and saw your sign, and just looked in to ask whether you were related to Charles Dickens, who wrote, etc., etc." Miss Dickens spent her childhood in Gad's Hill, her grandfather's house, near Rochester. Above her desk hangs a signed photograph of Charles Dickens, and her matches repose in an old-fashioned little receptacle which the first editor of Household Words used until his death.

"Do you think your grandfather would have approved of your going into business in this wholesale fashion?" was asked Miss Dickens.

"Oh, I don't know," and then laughed, "but I know he would have preferred I should earn a living rather than not have one."

Always Use a Match.

Never light a lamp with paper, for fragments of it are sure to drop off into the burner.

BABY GIRL ATHLETE.

Little Illinois Tot's Happiest Moments Are Spent in All Sorts of Gymnastic Exercise.

Rana Marie de Lhorbe is a baby. She is also a little more than that. She is an athlete. Rana has never been content since the day of her birth to be a mere pink and white bundle of nothingness, frilled with laces, a toy for big people to make eyes at. Rana is strenuous. She is certain to make an impression on the world long before she is 21. At the age of only four months she swung herself on a trapeze, held herself in position as shown in the illustration, and while being photographed showed that she enjoyed the diversion. When she was not yet one day old she raised herself upon her bed on both



SUSPENDED FROM TRAPEZE.

hands. She was able to sit up when three weeks old, and at five months of age could swing from a trapeze by one hand.

There may be other babies just as smart as this, just as strong, but they had better bring out their records at once, or Rana will claim all the laurels. She is the child of Mr. and Mrs. William de Lhorbe, of Chilli-cothe, Ill. Her mother is 21 years old, and her father 27. The latter is an actor and athlete, well known throughout the middle states. Her mother is a little woman, with no special athletic training. In her ancestry, though, she counts direct descent from Nathaniel Hawthorne and the Giddings, of Puritan fame.

The baby came into the world just about the same as other babies have. She was perfectly formed, blessed with a good appetite and a sweet disposition. That she was athletically inclined did not become conspicuous until her own actions indicated that she desired to do things most babies do not. She showed that she had a spine of more than ordinary strength, good lungs and strong arms and legs. She made use of them freely, almost from the moment of her birth.

Oriental children often show this activity, especially Chinese and Japanese children and those of India, but in this country the examples are few. Rana's case has attracted a great deal of attention, and many offers have been made to her father to exhibit her, but none has been accepted. The home life seems to be the best for her, and there she is likely to remain. Her father was born on a farm, and is strongly built himself. The mother has always had good health. The child seems to have taken the best from both parents.—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE BABY'S FLANNELS.

Their Comfort and Durability Depend Very Largely on the Way in Which They Are Washed.

The baby's underwear should be of flannel, as soft and fine as the purse can buy, and kept in the best possible condition by washing it properly. A careless laundress can ruin the best woolen garments in two or three washings, making them so shrunken and rough that they irritate the tender flesh almost beyond endurance. The following method has been used for years with unvarying success, the little garments retaining their soft, fleecy look until worn out.

Use water that is as hot as you can bear your hand in comfortably, for flannel cannot be boiled and hot water cleanses and purifies it. Dissolve a little borax in it, and add enough soap to make a strong suds, wash the flannel through two waters prepared in this way, plunging them up and down and rubbing gently between the hands. Rough usage thickens the texture. Soap should never be applied directly to the flannel. Borax softens the water, making very little soap or rubbing necessary. Rinse through clear water of the same temperature as that used for washing and press through a rubber wringer. Then just before hanging them out pull and stretch every piece in shape, for if this is neglected, the tiny wool fibers interlace, causing it to become badly shrunken. Place them smoothly on the line in the sunshine where a gentle breeze will blow through them. Every part of the work should be done as speedily as possible.—New Hampshire Farmer.

How to Wash Milk Pans.

Wash vessels which have contained milk in cold water first, and afterward scour them with hot water and soda. The use of cold water first insures greater cleanliness, for plunging at once into hot water is apt to set the milk and cause it to hang about the cans and pans to the detriment of the milk which is afterward placed in it.

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.

English Prophetess of Theosophy Has Not Yet Lost Her Hold on Her London Followers.

The end of Annie Besant is not yet. This seems to be the feeling which has been created in England, where the most famous of living theosophists has been making a three months' visit. Mrs. Besant left England a few days ago, on her way to India, where matters connected with the school for natives which she founded at Benares several years ago claim her attention. She is going by way of the continent and will hold theosophical meetings in Germany, Switzerland and Italy—evidently sailing from a southern port. Mrs. Besant will return to England in June and pursue her calling as a latter day Blavatsky in the vicinity of London.

A few years ago it was prophesied fully that Annie Besant was about to be ignored by the world at large and England in particular. But this prophecy has not been fulfilled. In fact, the little part of the universe represented by this island, at least, thinks more kindly of Mrs. Besant than it ever did before. She seems to have lived down much of the antagonism her earlier life aroused and to have inspired a kindlier feeling among her countrymen than they were wont to show her. While in England Mrs. Besant held many lectures and it was only a few days before her departure that she spoke to a great audience in London.

She retains her marvelous charm and while she does so she will not cease to affect multitudes visibly; while she pursues her present discreet and intelligent educational methods in India she will not cease to win the approbation of a large portion of the English people.

It is now Mrs. Besant's annual programme to spend nine months of the year in India and the other three in England strengthening the theosophical society with the learning she brings fresh from the birthplace of theosophy. Mrs. Besant is the power of her cult in England, to-day, say what else people may of her. She it is who arranged for the various courses of theosophical lectures which leading English theosophists are this winter delivering in America. In fact, every missionary influence the society is exerting emanated primarily from her.

Mrs. Besant thinks theosophy ought to be assimilated rapidly by the Americans, because she considers Americans "a very psychic people." She says, however, in the same breath: "Your materialism is against you. Too many of your religions seek the support of the spirit to enrich the

MRS. ANNIE BESANT.
(High Priestess of Theosophy in Her Lecturing Robe.)

body, rather than the body to enrich the spirit."

"Mrs. Besant is undeniably clever," he said, "and her theories on the subject of education are sane and scholarly. Moreover, I think her object in founding colleges in India is the single one of giving the Indians what she considers England owes them, namely, assistance in developing their method of study."

This last summer in England has proved Annie Besant to be more than ever the friend of the London poor. These same poor always have and, I believe, always will, love her. Her charity has been too practical, her sympathy too frequently put to the test by the needy, to permit of their doubting her. A matter of minor importance to a hungry man or ragged beggar girl is the changing religious beliefs of the woman who befriends him or her. No one denies that Mrs. Besant has tried nearly every religion from strict evangelical doctrines to her present liberal faith in theosophy. No one forgets her brilliant defense in court against the slander which sought to rob her of her good name. Her avowed dislike of her husband, her separation from him and his priesthood in the Church of England, are details in her life history long since written. Her children are grown and married, but both of them now yield their mother the loyalty and affection which in youth they were forbidden to show her.

Sir Walter Besant cordially disliked his sister-in-law and changed the pronunciation of his name that he might not be called by hers. But she has moved on in her chosen path, solitary and scorned much of the way, but keeping always as her guiding star an abiding trust in the necessity of being true to herself. Perhaps Mrs. Besant will live to see her complete vindication and the cordial recognition of the work she has sincerely attempted to do. Those of us who have seen her this summer, are agreed, as I have said above, that the end of Annie Besant is not yet.—From a London Letter.

GIRL CORNET PLAYER.

Nine-Year-Old Edna White Has Wonderful Command Over Difficult Instrument.

Little Edna White, a New England lassie, now residing in Brooklyn, New York, is considered the champion cornetist of the age.

Only nine years of age, this musical prodigy has mounted the ladder of fame several rounds higher than musicians three times her age; she is queen of the horn and has already gained a reputation as a soloist which has even reached Europe.

There is no more sought after little girl in America than Edna White;



EDNA PLAYING THE CORNET.

leaders of bands and orchestras, entertainment societies and churches are bidding for her services. Society leaders are endeavoring to tempt her to play at banquets, receptions and teas.

It has not been two years since Edna first handled a cornet. Until 18 months ago she showed no sign whatever of possessing extraordinary musical talent.

Edna worked faithfully for over an hour. Coming quietly into the room Mr. White was astonished to hear his daughter play "Yankee Doodle," "Home, Sweet Home" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

This was the commencement of her musical career. She took weekly lessons and was allowed to take her own time in learning a selection. At the end of six months she made her first appearance at their home church in Brooklyn, using her father's cornet.

She is familiar with most of the great cornet soloists of the day, quaintly discussing the merits of their rendition and of their instruments, of which she is herself capable of good judgment. Of cornets she has a decided opinion, formed by testing and using the various makes on the market. Her present instrument was purchased with the first \$50 earned.

She is able to accompany the human voice in difficult selections and but needs to hear a piece once to be able to play it. It is marvelous how readily this little cornetist can transpose. She can follow at sight a classical selection for the voice or any instrument.

She is wholly unaffected and childish. Small, with much dark hair and intellectual brown eyes. She is quite pretty.

QUICK AS LIGHTNING.

A Rapid Recipe for Making Soda Biscuit, Together with Other Kitchen Hints.

If hot biscuit are fancied for tea or luncheon, the following good recipe saves bringing out pastry board and rolling pin after the kitchen has been cleared up: Grease the muffin rings slightly and put them on the greased baking pan. Rub into a quart of flour, sifted, with a small teaspoonful of salt and two heaping ones of baking powder, a scant half-cup of half-and-half and butter, stir to a dough with enough milk to make it just too thin to roll out; if too thin the biscuits will not be flaky. Drop from a spoon each muffin ring nearly full; it should be double in rising. Stir the dough to mound shape with tip of the spoon. By stirring a well-beaten egg into this dough and rubbing a generous tablespoonful of sugar into the flour, a nice tea cake, to be cut in slices with a hot knife and eaten hot with sweet butter, is made. Bake in round pans; a quart one should give eight slices, fluffy within and brown of crust.

Hot cake may be cut with impunity, and even fresh brown bread may be sent to table in nice slices if the knife is thrust into boiling water or otherwise heated before using. When beginning to make brown bread this season don't fail to insist that your grocer sells you old-fashioned "middlings," which now comes to market in bags from seven pounds upward. If bread made from this is kneaded as carefully as white and a little sugar or molasses added (not enough to be detected), it will at once become a family favorite. When a day old it makes delicious "nutty" sandwiches, and if sprinkled into the "eye" of boiling water with the right hand, while stirring with the left until of proper consistency, then cooked for 20 minutes, it is a delicious "porridge."—Washington Star.

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One application gives relief.

The continued use of Humphreys' Witch Hazel Oil permanently cures Piles or Hemorrhoids—External or Internal, Blind or Bleeding, Itching or Burning, Fissures and Fistulas. Relief immediate—cure certain.

Three Sizes, 25c., 50c. and \$1.00. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Medicine Co., Cor. William and John Sts., New York.

NERVOUS DEBILITY,

Vital Weakness and Prostration from overwork and other causes. Humphreys' Homeopathic Specific No. 28, in use over 40 years, the only successful remedy. \$1 per vial, or special package for serious cases, \$5. Sold by Druggists, or sent prepaid on receipt of price. Humphreys' Med. Co., William & John Sts., N. Y.

PILES
A cure guaranteed if you use RUDY'S Suppository
Dr. Mail Thompson, Sup. Graded Schools, Stateville, N. Y., writes: "I can say they do all you claim for them." Dr. S. M. Devere, Bakers Rock, W. Va., writes: "They give universal satisfaction." Dr. H. H. McGill, Clarkburg, Tenn., writes: "In a practice of 23 years, I have found no remedy to equal yours." Price, 50 Cents. Sample Free. Sold by Druggists.
MARTIN RUDY, LANCASTER, PA.
Sold in E. M. by L. L. Taggart and R. C. Dodson. Call for free sample.

BANNER SALVE

The most healing salve in the world.

Made a Fast Run.

Engineer Thomas Jones made a remarkably fast run from Driftwood to Renovo yesterday afternoon with train No. 6. The distance is about 27 miles and the train arrived in Driftwood twenty minutes late. There are many small stations between Driftwood and Renovo at which nearly all accommodation trains may be stopped. Besides these, work on new bridges compels a slow down at each of these structures. With the Penna. Railroad company, good time consistent with safety to passengers is everything. Yesterday Mr. Jones made up fifteen minutes between Driftwood and Renovo, arriving here only five minutes late. This included all of the stops between the two points as well as slow over bridges. A reporter for The News was on the train when this remarkable run was made and had his attention called to the fact that a record was being made. In some places a mile was reeled off in less than a minute, yet the tracks are in such an excellent condition that many of the passengers did not know it. Conductor Geo. H. Moore had charge of the train.—Renovo News, 5th.

An Interesting Transaction.

The Cross Fork News tells of a Tame-rack man who closed up a startling deal the other day. It seems this man had a mule for which he had no particular use. Finally he found which he could trade the animal for a young lady, plump and pretty, but the father of this charming armful of divinity decided that he should have some difference and knowing that the owner of the mule had a quantity of turnips he concluded that he could dispense with his daughter in exchange for the mule, provided he could get ten bushels of the aforesaid turnips to boot. This was a stagger for the owner of the mule, but after due deliberation he made up his mind that five bushels and the mule was all he cared to part with to secure the dear sweet thing, and here the deal stood for some time. Finally, each being anxious to make the exchange, they agreed to split the difference and so seven and one-half bushels of turnips and the mule were given the papa of the girl while she accompanied the former mule owner to his home.

A Cold Wave.
The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise Madison Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health, and probably my life." It cures Coughs, Colds, LaGrippe, Bronchitis, Pneumonia and all Throat and Lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heats and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs. R. C. Dodson.

Round-trip Home-Seeker's Tickets.

During the same period round-trip Home-seeker's excursion tickets will be sold by the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway on the first and third Tuesday of each month, good to return within 21 days from date of sale, to many points in Iowa, Minnesota and South Dakota, North Dakota and other western and southwestern states.

For further information apply to any coupon ticket agent, or address John R. Pott, District Passenger Agent, Room D Park Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa. 37-2t-No. 2t-Dec.

The December Woman's Home Companion is full of good fiction. Besides the very interesting serial, "The Flight of Penelope," there are six short stories, "The Prodigal's Christmas," "A Brother to Toodles," "A Congressional Episode," "A Game of Love," "Stans and Kobold" and "Gentleman Jack." A feature of especial interest is the "Christmas Cantata," a little play especially intended for presentation by children. In "The Strange Origin of Familiar Toys," Stewart Culin tells how some of the most ordinary playthings have a history that goes back thousands of years. The departments are devoted to matter of seasonal interest—the making of Christmas presents, the holiday book reviews and excellent cooking and fashion articles. Published by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio; one dollar a year; ten cents a copy; sample copy free.

"Durer," by John La Farge, in the December McClure's, is the last paper in a series that began a year ago with "Michelangelo." These articles have been recognized by critics as the most important contribution to art criticism in recent years, and they have also been extremely popular. During the coming year Mr. La Farge will write for McClure's of great artists of the nineteenth century. Between the two series he will also contribute a paper on Hogarth.

What's In a Name?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co., of Chicago, discovered, some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a pacifier for Piles. For Blind, bleeding, itching and protruding Piles, eczema, cuts, burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitt's Salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine. R. C. Dodson.

When is a boat like a heap of snow? When it is adrift.

After a man tires of amusements he calls them follies.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.
Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Stomach Troubles, and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds worn-out tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, of W. Va., says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have found it to be a very effective and, indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments. I recommend it to my friends." R. G. Dodson.

Sinnamahoning Liars' Club.

Sinnamahoning Liars met Saturday night in Pap Blodget's shop with Harry Ward in the chair. A hot time for four hours was the result. Two shining lights in the organization locked horns, F. E. Jordan and Pap Berfield tried for supremacy, Pap came out best and won the laurels, Jordan got mad and threw a side of sole leather at the barber. Order was retained with difficulty. Hanscome told a whopper and was awarded for bravery and took one of those free drinks advertised in paper "Pigs Ear." Anson Logue's application for membership was refused on the ground of refusing to take a social drink with members of this Club. Pap Blodget was asked under the head of good of the order for a speech, which was granted in a few words. While visiting or canvassing the county he happened to meet a good many of the organization. He held his own in Driftwood and by the help of George W. Gentry faced the president and secretary of the club at Cameron. The post master not excepted, and held his own and a little better but election day knocked the old man clear off his feet and has been lame in the left hind leg ever since. DeShetler here dropped in a consoling word and told the old man he would have been elected Commissioner if he had had votes enough; that appeared to settle the matter. We will visit Cameron some of these fine evenings when sleighing gets good and bring the cornet band with us and will be prepared to meet all comers. Club adjourned in good order. FIDE.

The Broad Street Meat Market

HOME-MADE MINCE MEAT
HOME-MADE SAUSAGE,
FRESH OYSTERS,
WEANERS AND
LIVER SAUSAGE
FRESH WALNUTS,
AMONDS AND MIXED NUTS.
FINE FLORADA ORANGES.
A few special prices for Friday and Saturday, this week.
Olives in bulk, 50c qt.
Grape Nuts, 13c pkg.
Vermont Maple Syrup, 95c gal.
Bakers Chocolate, 36c lb.

GOODS DELIVERED PROMPTLY.

Geo. H. Gross.

Would you like to feel Young Again?



Many old people are lame, nearly all are weak. Worst of all, is that feeling of languor, of inability to act, of weariness at trifling exertion. Nothing will make the old young again, but Vinol will prevent 99 out of 100 old people from feeling so old.

There is no humbug about it. We found out about Vinol, and tried it every way before we decided to put it on the market and guarantee it. Now we believe that almost any tired, discouraged old person who will take a bottle of Vinol and use it as directed will feel better right away.

It will increase their strength, relieve their lameness and brighten their spirits.

It does this by nourishing. Don't blame the old folks for being blue and cross. Take home a bottle of Vinol.

L. TAGGART,
DRUGGIST.

Mail Orders Supplied \$1 per Bottle Express Paid.

Soft Harness
You can make your harness as soft as a glove and as tough as wire by using EUREKA Harness Oil. You can lengthen its life—make it last twice as long as it ordinarily would.
EUREKA Harness Oil
makes a poor looking harness like new. Made of pure, heavy bodied oil, especially prepared to withstand the weather.
Sold everywhere in cans—all sizes.
Made by STANDARD OIL CO.

H. C. OLMSTED.

The Grocery Department makes an important part in the preparations for Christmas. The prudent housewife will make her selections early and be prepared for the holiday feasting—Here is a bargain bill of fare that will make it an easy matter to decide on what to have for the Christmas dinner. These are absolutely pure first quality groceries, the best in every way. Flour, Rice, Beans, Peas, Tomatoes, Potatoes, Corn, Salmon, Dried Beef, Roast Beef, Prunes, Mince Meat, Cleaned Raisins, Cleaned Currants, Syrup, N. O. Molasses, Coffees, Cereals Crackers, Gram, Sugar 25 pounds for \$1.40.

Choice Groceries

Every practical thing for the boys and girls will be found at this store. Oriental Rugs as gifts. A fine line in both dark and light colors.

Men's Shirts,
Men's Overalls,
Men's Suspenders,
Men's Shoes,
Men's Rubbers,
Men's Umbrellas.

Women's Shoes,
Women's Hosiery,
Women's Umbrellas,
Men's Underwear,
Men's Gloves and Mittens,
Men's Hats and Caps,
Men's Pants.

Women's Skirts,
Women's Underwear,
Women's Handkerchiefs,
Women's Dress Goods,
Women's Evening Slippers,
Women's Gloves and Mittens,
Women's Furs.

Practical Giving is in Giving Practical Things.

We are making Christmas buying easier for every one this year by offering personal and household necessities, many of which will make splendid practical presents, at below usual price. The saving thus afforded is often large enough to cover all the nick-nacks that are on every one's gift list. The nick-nacks are here too.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS

H. C. OLMSTED

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